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THE
PROPHET

OF THE
ALLEGHANY MOUNTAINS,
A MISSIONARY TALE,
AND OTHER POEMS:

BY
ELIZABETH WYKE.

IRONBRIDGE :
GEO. MORT. SMITH, MARKET-PLACE.

1847.

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PREFACE.

It may be asked why the following poems should be sent into the world at a time when so many are issuing from the press with far greater claims to patronage and support. The answer is obvious. The writer conceives that the language of our best poets can be properly appreciated only by those who have received a superior education, and whose minds have been cultivated in the highest degree; hence it is she thinks her poems better adapted to those in more humble life, and at the same time she flatters herself they will not be found displeasing to the most fastidious reader.

The aim of the writer has not been so much to please the ear by elegance of language as to enforce the first principles of Christianity, not only by precept but by bringing forward examples to prove the excellence of those principles in operation.

Therefore she conceives the present volume suited to the capacity of the rising generation, whose best interests she would be ever happy to promote, but more especially the welfare of those pupils who have been, and still are, entrusted to her care, to be instructed in the various branches of female education.

It may be necessary to say something respecting the subjects she has chosen to write upon.

The '*Prophet of the Alleghany*,' is founded on a circumstance related in the Report of the New York Missionary Society for the year 1803. The term '*red men*' is applied by American Indians to their own tribes, whilst the Europeans are styled '*White Men of Ocean*,' believing that they originally sprung from the foam of the sea: they also call them '*Pale Faces*.'

The answering voices heard from the caves and hollows called '*Echo*,' the Indians believe to be the wailings of souls wandering through those places.

The Poem of '*Mat the Maroon*,' is taken from a tale written by Percy St. John; the scene is laid on the banks of the Hudson, during the American War.

Rock, Broseley, 1847.

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INTRODUCTORY LINES TO A FRIEND.

My friend, could I succeed in my desire,
And gain for once the poet's tuneful lyre,
I need not rove through garden, field, or bower,
To cull the sweetest or the fairest flower,
For were I conscious of the poet's art,
Whose melodies such wondrous charms impart,
I'd sing the rose of Sharon's matchless dye,
That rose invisible to mortal eye,
Whose virtues and whose never fading bloom,
Shed through the world of bliss a rich perfume.
Yet why refuse the praises that belong
To him whose grace exceeds all mortal song,
Because the critic may with justice deem
My lays unworthy of so great a theme?
But could I hope my God would deign to own
The praise of one who trusts in him alone
For every earthly good that may be given,
For hopes of life, immortal life, in heaven;

In vain the critic may observe, detect
In every line some error or defect ;
Protected by that power who reigns on high,
Satire may pass unfelt, unheeded by,
Divested of its sting, its efforts vain
As the soft breeze which moves the waving grain,
Plays o'er the tender plant in sportive glee,
But fails to move the deeply rooted tree.
Oh could my lines attract the listening ear,
Arouse the careless, or awake a fear
In some young wanderer who has ever been
Unconscious that remorse awaits on sin,
Happy, thrice happy, if to me were given,
To lead that soul to seek the God of heaven.

THE PROPHET OF THE ALLEGHANY,

A MISSIONARY TALE.

'Go ye,' was once our gracious Lord's command,
 'Go ye and preach my Word in every land,
 Teach all the nations;' so the message ran,
 'Teach all the earth redemption's glorious plan.'
 Divine commission! who that knows the worth
 Of heavenly love, but longs to bear it forth,
 And with the gospel banners wide unfurl'd,
 Spread the glad tidings through the heathen world,
 Midst raging waves, or o'er the burning sand—
 'Go ye,' so stands the blessed Lord's command.

All hail, ye favored sons of heaven,
 To whom such love to precious souls is given!
 Love that can bear you o'er the foaming tide,
 To tell lost souls of JESUS crucified;
 Can lead through roughest paths your willing feet;
 Love that can render e'en affliction sweet.
 When Christ the Captain of Salvation calls,

Each fear, each obstacle before you falls;
 He owns the ready heart, the willing hands,
 Charg'd with a mission to the untaught lands.
 And will not his approving smile repay,
 The toil and labour of your weary way?
 Then bless that love that hath to you assign'd
 The glorious task. Yes, 'twas for man design'd
 To be the auspicious bearer of the plan
 Devis'd in heaven to rescue rebel man.
 Glad would th' angelic hosts from heaven have flown
 On the kind errand from Jehovah's throne ;
 All radiant in their glory, swift their wings
 Of love, obedient to the King of Kings,
 Had borne them down to earth with anthems new,
 Shouting aloud hosannas as they flew ;
 Then had good news from heaven through earth been sung,
 Then had the earth with hallelujahs rung.
 But no ! lost man to fallen man must go,
 And bear the word that rescues him from woe ;
 Who could speak joy and comfort to the soul
 Of him who mourns for sin ? who can control
 The anxious fears, the doubts, and deep distress
 Of him who knows not Jesu's power to bless ?
 Who but a brother, saved by Jesu's grace
 Could point the wandering soul to wisdom's ways ?
 A fallen brother to his brother speaks,
 And tells him 'tis the sinner Jesus seeks,
 The contrite sinner ; yes, that brother knows

All the poor mourner feels, his bitterest woes.
 Who speaks of hope, of love, of sin forgiven,
 Like a poor pilgrim on his way to heaven?
 His words can cheer, for he has found his God
 A solace in affliction's heaviest load.

Within the peaceful shade of thickest wood,
 Where Alleghany's towering heights arise,
 Reclined on mossy bank in solitude,
 From the oppressive heat of western skies,
 An aged man, by long fatigue opprest,
 Seclusion sought, a place of calm repose,
 But ere his steps had reached the wished for rest,
 His humble fervent prayer to heaven arose.

' My God, obedient to thy gracious call,
 I build my hopes on thy Almighty power,
 Be thou my strength, my righteousness, my all,
 Be thou my refuge in the trying hour;
 Then shall the Indian's shout and warlike cry,
 Fall unregarded on my listening ear,
 Protected by thy ever watchful eye
 And mighty arm, what evil can I fear?
 Let me declare the tidings I have brought
 To guilty men, and spread them far and wide,
 Throughout the Indian tribes as yet untaught,
 And preach to them the Saviour crucified.

I'd preach the cross on which th' incarnate God
 Resign'd his life, that sinful man might live ;
 Who, whilst he bore the curse, sin's heavy load,
 Cried, ' Oh ! my God, my Father, Oh ! forgive.' '

The holy man, with fervent zeal inspired,
 Had longed his heavenly message to declare,
 And earnestly his arduous task desired,
 So full of danger and so full of care ;
 For he had felt the joys of pardoning grace,
 When bowed beneath his sins, he looked to heaven,
 And now he hoped that others might embrace
 The mercy which to him was freely given.
 What though his native land, his happy home,
 Lay far, far, distant from his aching eyes ;
 He thought of joys, of pleasures yet to come,
 The land of bliss, the land beyond the skies.

He rose, when issuing from a deep recess
 Of forest glade, with proud majestic mien,
 A form drew nigh, whose warlike air and dress
 Declar'd he'd long in many a conflict been ;
 In his right hand a tomahawk he bore,
 A bow across his shoulders loosely hung,
 A battle-axe girt by his side he wore,
 And o'er his back a panther's skin was flung ;
 While deep emotion heaved the warrior's breast,
 With rage suppress'd, the good man he thus address'd.

'White man of ocean, say whence comest thou?
 Why dost thou wander amongst these tall trees?
 Unfold thy designs, for the white man ere now,
 Has studied to rob us of home and of ease.
 Time was, when our people delighted to stray,
 Throughout the wide forest, and chase the wild deer,
 But where are they now? they are faded away,
 Like the grey mists of morn; the white man has been here.
 Then say, man of ocean, say what seekest thou?
 Thou pale faced intruder thy motives disclose,
 Nor think that the brave and the valiant shall bow
 To the will of invaders, of tyrants, of foes!'

The good old man, with calm and placid smile,
 Replied, 'my friend, I've travell'd far to bring
 To thee and to thy sons, from Britain's isle,
 Good news, glad tidings from the heavenly King;
 I come in Jesu's name to thee, to speak
 Of happiness, of joys which ne'er will cease;
 The welfare of thy native tribes to seek,
 And point the way to future bliss and peace.'

'Why speakest thou of peace?' the red Indian replied,
 'Behold now the peace which the white man has brought;
 Our sweet woodland glens where we loved to abide,
 By our once gallant sons will no longer be sought;
 For the white man arose from the foam of the deep,

With the lightning's bright flash and the loud thunder
 Our warriors no longer their forests could keep, [arm'd,
 Our tribes fled before them, distress'd and alarm'd ;
 Where now are our hunters who climbed the rude heights,
 That travers'd our forests in quest of their prey ?
 Where now are our chiefs, who, till yet, by their might
 Have subdued all their foes ? they have chas'd them away.
 Then go, hence, begone, dang'rous man as thou art,
 And leave us the little we yet may possess,
 For our virtues, our Gods, will be dear to each heart,
 While our forests yield deer, and our woods a recess.'

Thus spoke the chief with look of deep disdain,
 Then disappear'd amidst the darkest shades :
 The worthy man pursued his way again,
 Through verdant meads and fragrant forest glades ;
 With zeal he laboured in the cause of heaven,
 Blest, sweetly blest, for Christ his God was there,
 To cheer him in the arduous task he'd given,
 His task of love and unremitting care.
 And many an anxious soul had humbly sought,
 Through Jesu's love and grace, to be forgiven,
 By him, their much loved pastor, had been taught
 The way to peace, to happiness, to heaven.

Four summer suns had seen the pious man
 With anxious care and unabated zeal,
 Unfold the great and glorious gospel plan,

Which can alone the wounded spirit heal.
 He boldly dared t' avow the Saviour's cause,
 Denounced all idol worship false and vain,
 Reveal'd the great Jehovah's broken laws,
 Pronounced the dire reward, eternal pain ;
 Told how the Son of God had bled and died,
 To save lost man from woe and deep despair,
 That none in vain for mercy e'er applied,
 Who sought by faith in penitence and prayer.
 Thus had he taught, and gain'd a little band
 Of converts to the Christian's holy laws,
 And many a contrite heart, and many a hand,
 Rose nobly to defend their Saviour's cause.
 Oft had the evening sun's departing rays,
 Witness'd their fervent zeal, their peace, their joy,
 And when the morning dawn'd the Saviour's praise
 Was still their theme, was still their glad employ.
 How pleasing then to speak of Jesu's love !
 How dear to them appear'd the hallow'd spot,
 Where gracious tidings from the realms above,
 With joy and peace had crown'd their happy lot.
 Perhaps, had then a gently warning voice
 Been heard in whispers low, ' yield not to fear,
 For know while thus your hearts in hope rejoice,
 Across your path lies many a fatal snare ;
 For he who on the mount of Calvary died,
 For guilty man's transgressions to atone,
 E'en he, the great Redeemer, crucified,

Was left deserted, suffering, and alone : '
 Had such a kindly warning voice been heard,
 Then had that warning voice been heedless deem'd,
 So strong their hope, so fix'd on Jesu's word,
 So bright the rays of faith that round them beam'd ;
 And shall their faith and hope be e'er dismayed ?
 What if an Indian prophet from the height
 Of Alleghany's lofty hills essay'd
 This little friendly band to disunite ?
 What if the spirit of the air and wood
 Had mark'd the path they trod with anger dire,
 And call'd them to return to him subdued,
 Nor longer dare provoke his vengeful ire ?
 Shall they who trust the great Redeemer's power
 To lead to bliss above that never ends,
 Shall they dismay'd, in hot temptation's hour,
 Yield to the threats the mighty spirit sends ?

Thus time pass'd on, the Prophet from the heights
 Of Alleghany hills, at length assailed
 That faith which hitherto had shone so bright ;
 That faith o'er which no threat'nings e'er prevail'd.
 He said the mighty Spirit of the wood,
 Had seen their erring ways with anger dire,
 Had warn'd them to return to him subdued,
 Nor longer dare to rouse his vengeful ire ;
 Told them the chiefs had all with one consent
 Agreed to meet, that they might learn what he

Should then reveal to them, the message sent
From the great Spirit, mighty, pure, and free.

Then was their time of trial, doubt, and fear,
Then sank their hearts in hopeless, wild despair ;
What, did no follower of the Lamb appear,
To praise his God, or bend the knee in prayer ?
Where now is seen the happy, cheerful face,
The friendly pressure of the proffer'd hand,
As hast'ning onward to the sacred place,
The worthy pastor met his little band ?
That hallow'd spot was now deserted, all,
Yes all, had fled that peaceful, calm retreat,
Yet did the pastor on his Saviour call,
In mercy to restore their wand'ring feet.

At length th' expected time, th' important day
Arriv'd ; the chieftains all, with one consent,
Assert they must the spirit's will obey,
And listen to the message he had sent.
The vale was deep, the lake was calm and still,
Midst rising hills, and hanging woods retired,
They met to learn the mighty spirit's will,
From Alleghany's favour'd chief inspired.
Beneath the spreading trees, in council deep,
On verdant lawn the chiefs assembled there,
In anxious hope a solemn silence keep,
Till Alleghany's prophet should appear.

Within the circle of the chiefs is placed
 An aged man, whose white and flowing hair,
 Adorn'd a brow on which was deeply traced,
 The furrow'd lines of grief and anxious care.
 Yet might be seen his bright expressive eye,
 With steady gaze, fix'd on the vault of heaven,
 Which seem'd to say, my father, here am I,
 And here behold the children thou hast given.
 Oh ! give them courage to confess their Lord,
 Midst fierce contention, storms, and bitterest strife,
 To hail with joy the flaming fire and sword,
 That yet may bear them to eternal life.

Still as the babe in calm and gentle sleep,
 Softly reposing on its mother's breast,
 Th' assembled tribes their solemn silence keep,
 Each angry word, each angry thought repress'd.
 Till from the hills to meet the waiting throng,
 Th' expected prophet comes with rapid walk ;
 A bow across his shoulders loosely hung,
 And in his hand he bore a tomahawk ;
 He reach'd the spot, then with majestic air,
 The awe-struck Indians' ear he thus address'd,
 His flashing eye of fire appear'd to bear
 To them the mighty spirit's high behest.

' Ye red men of woods, ye red Indians attend,
 Hear what the great Spirit has deign'd to declare,

By me his true prophet, by me your true friend ;
 Oh hear, ye apostates, the message I bear.
 The loud call to arms, or the glad sounds of mirth,
 No more on the shores of the Hudson resound ;
 No more shall the Mohawk's soft banks of green earth,
 Be the scenes where our once happy kindred were found.
 Whose now are the regions your forefathers held,
 Where free as the wild winds they hunted their prey ;
 Where the panther and bison affrighted beheld
 The hunter's bright spear which had chas'd them away ?
 E'en there does the white man break up our lov'd soil,
 E'en now might the axe of the white man be heard,
 Where the bones of our ancestors rest from their toil,
 Where the hallow'd remains of our dead are interr'd.
 Oh have ye not heard in the mild evening hour,
 Or in the calm silence of night's solemn reign,
 The wailing of spirits, whose bones by their power,
 Exposed to the tempest and storms thus complain ?
 They call us to vengeance, to rouse from our sleep,
 The Christian must be from our regions expell'd ;
 The white man of ocean no longer must keep
 The woods and possessions our forefathers held.
 Arouse then to action, each warrior, oh ! say,
 Shall the pale-faced intruders in triumph remain,
 While your brave fathers' spirits now wander away
 Far beyond the blue hills a safe refuge to gain ?
 Now hear, ye deluded ones, if ye persist
 In forsaking my altars, my counsel reject,

If the Christian's new doctrines ye will not resist,
 Then hear and beware of the words ye neglect.
 My wrath shall pursue you, the tempest shall pour
 Its rage on the scenes of your joy and your mirth;
 The lightning's bright flash and the thunder's loud roar,
 Shall consume and destroy man and beast from the earth.

The Prophet ceas'd; a veteran chief arose,
 Whose piercing eye gleam'd fearfully around,
 With all the rage a savage Indian knows,
 Then through the ring with quick and sudden bound,
 He wildly sprang; he forc'd his desperate way,
 Quick as the lightning's vivid flash his thought:
 'White man' he cried, thy life shall dearly pay
 The mischief which thy hated race has brought.
 The fatal spear was rais'd: but ere it fell,
 A friendly hand restrain'd the deadly blow;
 God's messenger had yet good news to tell,
 And well his faithful herald knew 'twas so.
 At length, the tumult o'er, one heavenward glance,
 And then the missionary forward came,
 And gently begg'd permission to advance
 A word in his Redeemer's gracious name.
 Who could behold that venerable form,
 Devoted thus to his great Saviour's cause,
 Bearing the weight of persecution's storm,
 And honouring thus the Christian's righteous laws:
 Who could behold and not admire the love

He bore his enemies, who sought his life,
 He stood as one who, from the world above,
 Expected strength to meet th' unequal strife.
 And though his manly voice was firm and clear,
 And though his eye bright animation wore,
 Yet something in his placid eye was there,
 That told his toils and cares would soon be o'er;
 And then with holy fervour he address'd
 The native Indian tribes: he spoke of heaven,
 That place where weary souls are ever blest,
 Who seek through Christ alone to be forgiven.
 He spoke of sin; he spoke of endless woe,
 Which must ere long unpardon'd guilt attend;
 That those who humbly to the Saviour go,
 Shall in that gracious Saviour find a friend.
 With glowing colors did he clearly paint,
 The direst woes the great Redeemer bore,
 How in his pain and anguish, weak and faint,
 He conquer'd death and sin's destructive power.

'Behold the man' he cried, 'the man of grief!
 Behold his wounded hands, his feet, his side;
 View him ye Indian hunters, prophet, chief,
 Behold the Saviour, see him crucified!
 'Think of th' incarnate God you're call'd to serve,
 The giver of each priz'd, each pure delight;
 Think of the heavenly glories in reserve,
 The world of peace, the realms of light and life.

'Think how, should justice draw her flaming sound,
 T' avenge th' insulted majesty of heaven,
 Quench'd in the streaming blood of Christ the Lord,
 It cannot now impede the way to heaven.

Oh ! is there yet a heart so dead in sin,
 That now can spurn the Christian's happy lot ?
 See where the Christian's busy hand hath been,
 His cultured fields, his fruits, his peaceful cot ;
 But tell me friends, the blessings you command,
 Alas, how quickly do your pleasures cloy ;
 For you I've left my much lov'd native land,
 That you might know the Christian's holy joy.
 And now, ye chiefs, the ever living God,
 Looks from his radiant throne of bliss above,
 Sees how I've toil'd to spread his name abroad,
 Upheld through all by his Almighty love.

'Tis he that checks each painful rising fear,
 'Tis he that gives the weary pilgrim rest,
 'Twas he witheld the sharp, uplifted spear,
 That spear so lately pointed at my breast,
 Oh think, if now possess'd of peace like this,
 If now with joy we wonder and adore,
 What it must be in yon bright world of bliss,
 To sing the Saviour's praise for evermore.'

He paus'd ; and soon an aged chieftain rose,
 Whose steady look attention must bespeak,
 The terror of his country's dreaded foes ;

The faithful, tried protector of the weak.
 His powerful arm was ever known to wield
 The pond'rous axe with sure and fatal blow ;
 Nor e'er his valiant heart was known to yield
 To threats of vengeance from his direst foe.
 His eye awhile in admiration gazed
 Upon the missionary's placid mien ;
 At length th' extended hand in silence rais'd,
 Told of emotion strong and deep within :
 He stood as one amaz'd, till thought too strong
 Burst forth, and eloquently did he plead
 The white man's just and holy cause ; nor long
 Was he unheard, for oft had many a deed
 Of Christian love reach'd the unwilling ears ;
 And many a Christian act of pious care,
 That sooth'd the orphan's woes, that dried the tears
 Of mourning widows plung'd in deep despair.
 Yet a long time the chiefs in council stay'd
 In consultation deep, and then arose
 An aged warrior, one whose steady aid,
 Would oft th' unguarded speech of youth oppose :
 He spoke with earnest look and solemn tone,
 Said to the council, it at length appear'd,
 That the great God, the Christian's God, alone
 Was worthy to be honoured, lov'd, and fear'd.

' Brethren ' he cried, ' the council have by me
 Declared, the white man comes to us in peace ;

And that the friendly missionary be,
Our future guide to lasting happiness.'

Whilst thus the sage but animated man,
Address'd the listening multitude, ere long
A general murmur of applause began
To spread abroad through the assembled throng :
'Twas then the prophet of the mountains knew
His reign was o'er, his reign of dread and fear :
His panther's skin around him closer drew,
And wildly, madly, grasp'd his glittering spear ;
Then, bounding towards the Alleghany hills,
Denounced destruction on the fated place ;
Said the great Spirit shortly would fulfil
His threaten'd vengeance on the apostate race.
He fled in rage most terrible and dire,
He fled from scenes of christian hope and joy,
Nor e'er again did he with eye of fire,
Denouncing wrath, their heartfelt peace destroy.

Now could the holy man in safety meet
Again with joy his much loved little band,
Fresh acts of christian love again repeat,
Fresh blessings seek from Jesu's gracious hand.

Hail ! man of God, thus so divinely taught !
Hail ! thou ambassador to man from heaven !
How glad the blessed tidings thou hast brought,

Tidings of conquered death, of man forgiven.
 Oh, could the infidel but now behold
 Thy heavenward glance, thy calm, thy uprais'd eye,
 Thy looks that such a tale of joy unfold,
 Of peace, of heaven, of immortality !
 Oh, surely then one deep and anxious thought,
 Would steal across that sadly darken'd mind,
 E'en though by fatal error early taught,
 To scorn the grace for sinful man design'd ;
 And ye, ye little band, ye fearful few,
 Whose hopes of joy are placed beyond the sky ;
 Who round your Saviour's standard closely drew,
 Resolv'd to conquer, or resolv'd to die ;
 Fear not, for know the God of heavenly grace,
 Who ever reigns in brighter worlds on high ;
 Who saw your enemies assail your peace,
 Who saw you shrink, who saw you fear and fly :
 The Saviour's mercy is not sought in vain,
 For when on Calvary's mount for man he bled,
 Whilst agonizing in his grief and pain,
 His followers left their dying Lord and fled :
 Yet mercy, pardoning mercy, still was theirs,
 On them no storms of fearful vengeance fell ;
 Oh no, the smiles that heavenly pity wears,
 Sooth'd those sad hearts the Saviour loved so well.
 Then rouse, ye favour'd ones, for know your God
 Has heard you in the depths of your distress ;
 Arise, with vigour spread his name abroad,

Reveal the tidings of a Saviour's grace.
Arise, ye favoured ones ; for know that soon
Your faithful guide, to you in mercy given,
Must be again recall'd ; that precious boon
Was only sent to point the way to heaven.
Soon will that faithful warning voice be lost,
That placid smile no more on earth be seen ;
No more on waves of sorrow roughly toss'd,
Will he lament the dire effects of sin.
He goes where sin no longer shall annoy ;
He goes his God and Saviour to adore ;
He goes to reign in worlds of endless joy,
With the eternal God for evermore.
Then weep not, though the parting hour draw nigh,
A few more rising suns will soon be o'er ;
Soon will you meet your pastor in the sky,
To sing redeeming grace for evermore.

THE MINISTER'S PRAYER.

Behold yon aged man ! see him reclin'd
Beneath a spreading oak ; a fallen tree
His chosen seat, beside him lies his staff,
While o'er his face appears a look of care.
But why that look of care ? is it fatigue,
Or the infirmities which oft attend
Declining years ? or has his well tried staff,
On which he has lean'd so long, at length proved false ?
Oh no ! th' infirmities of age he hail'd,
As he would hail the kindly warning voice
Which saith, the time draws nigh when thou shalt rise
To peace and joy in heaven. If his tried staff
Which he so highly priz'd had fail'd, what then ?
He had a surer stay to rest upon :
A stay which never fails. See in his hands,
The staff on which he's lean'd, and leans e'en now ;
The word of life, the guardian of his youth ;

The lov'd companion of his riper years ;
 His hope, his all in manhood's vigorous prime ;
 And now, while journeying to the gloomy shore
 Of Jordan's chilling stream : yet he can stand
 Upon the borders of the swelling flood,
 And wait the call that bids him launch away,
 Without a rising fear. Then why that look,
 That look of care ? know then the worthy man
 Had, in the vineyard of the God of heaven
 Been long a faithful labourer : he had toil'd
 With diligence unwearied : he had watch'd
 Each tender plant, and as the husbandman
 With ceaseless diligence attends the charge
 Committed to his trust, so did he watch
 With unremitting zeal each opening bud,
 Cheered with the hope that no unkindly frost
 Or adverse winds may check the ripening fruit.
 But now he saw with pain one lovely plant,
 Fail in the promis'd fruit ; he long had watch'd,
 And fervently had pray'd that his young friend
 Might grow in grace, and in advancing years
 Display the fruits of righteousness and faith.
 But now, alas ! the world's alluring charms
 Had gain'd his heart ; prosperity had spread
 Around his path all that his soul desir'd.
 What if his minister described the joys
 And endless bliss of heaven ? he had his heaven,
 His every wish of happiness, on earth.

What if he spoke of grief, or care, or pain ;
 Could he behold the partner of his heart,
 Seated beside him, whilst his first born son
 Smil'd in his father's face, and think of care ?
 Could he behold the eye of heavenly blue,
 The laughing dimple and the rosy cheek
 Of his beloved boy, and think of care ?
 No, when he press'd the rosy lips of him
 Who claim'd the first fond kiss the father gave,
 His heart recoil'd at e'en the thought of care.
 Yet faithfully the warning voice was given,
 And faithfully was painted to his view,
 The sin and danger of the wandering course
 His erring steps pursued. True he could hear
 The kindly admonitions of his friend :
 He lov'd the worthy man, but pleasure's paths
 Had drawn his heart from God : yes, he could hear
 The wand'ring steps describ'd of him who strays
 From duty's path ; could hear the doom reveal'd,
 The sentence pass'd on those who leave their God,
 And centre their affections on the world :
 Yes, he could see his pastor's steady eyes
 Fix'd on his face, and hear the words pronounc'd,
 ' Thou art the man,' yet feel no pang of grief,
 No anxious care to be preserv'd from ill :
 No wonder then the pastor felt for him,
 And heav'd the deep-drawn sigh ; no wonder then
 The tear drop oft bedimm'd his sorrowing eye ;

No wonder that his steps were slow and sad,
 As he pursu'd his melancholy way,
 To seek the friend he lov'd : with heavy heart
 He reach'd th' abode of him whose hapless fate
 Awoke such deep concern. ' My God,' he cried,
 ' Ere I again behold my valued friend,
 Again behold him with his heart estrang'd
 From thee, the best of friends, e'en by the gifts
 Thy liberal hand bestows, oh hear once more
 My oft repeated prayer, remember him !
 Remember him, e'en though the loudest peal
 Of Sinai's awful thunder should arrest
 His frightened soul, yet still remember him !
 Thou art a refuge from the loudest peal
 That Sinai's mountain knows, but oh, forbid
 The direful sentence should be pass'd on him,
 ' Let him alone, for he hath other Gods !'
 But could that pious man have rais'd his eyes,
 And look'd beyond the clouds that intervene
 Between this world and heaven, then had he seen
 A ministering spirit from the realms
 Of light and love, winging his downward way,
 Bearing a charge of mercy to his friend.

But let us trace the good old pastor's steps,
 E'en to the house he sought : the father sat
 Watching beside his now expiring child ;
 The little hand so cold, so fondly press'd

Within his own, no father's love could warm.
 Alas ! in vain he press'd it to his breast,
 Or kiss'd the marble forehead ; all was cold,
 The icy hand of death was busy there.
 Beside the couch the weeping mother stood,
 Mute in her agony : her very breath
 Suppress'd, lest the deep sigh or falling tear,
 Or sad convulsive sob, might yet disturb
 Her dying boy. But see, his eyes are clos'd
 No more to wake : the bitterness of death
 With him is o'er. But though he wakes no more
 To bless those sorrowing hearts, he wakes in heaven,
 And with a palm of bright, unfading green,
 Cries, as he stands before the throne of God,
 ' Hosannah, Hallelujah ! ' Now behold
 The good old minister, hear him exclaim,
 ' Thank God, my friend, thank God ! oh praise His name,
 Thou art not quite forgotten : no, in love
 This bitter cup was given, that thou mayest know
 Where thy true comfort lies : seek not on earth
 To treasure up thy joy, for God alone
 Can yield thee lasting peace. 'Tis not from earth
 Thou canst receive one hope to glad thy soul
 In such a trying hour ; 'tis thine to soothe
 Thy weeping partner now, and to entreat
 The God of heaven to give thee strength to bear
 This stroke without a murmur : seek his aid
 To lead thee through this scene of dark distress

With calm submission : know, the happy time
 Will come, when thou shalt see the hand of God,
 That held to thee that bitter cup, has sweets
 Yet in reserve the world knows nothing of.'

And truly did he speak, nor was it long
 Ere the good pastor could fulfil his task,
 His ever pleasing task of peace and love.
 Oh, how he lov'd to cheer the troubled mind,
 To speak of pardon to the contrite soul.
 Now on the sabbath day, the good old man
 Can joy to see with what an eager look
 And anxious ear his friend received his words :
 Now he can pour into his willing ear,
 Full many a precious truth before unpriz'd :
 Now from the treasury of heavenly love,
 He can bring joy and peace : now can he look
 With steady eye upon his sorrowing friend,
 And say, 'thou art the man, to thee belongs
 The precious word of comfort : thou hast sought
 And found that God delights in mercy still,
 And though his chastening hand may seem severe,
 Yet afterwards it yields the peaceful fruits
 Of righteousness and love.'

LINES

SUGGESTED BY READING "MAT. THE MAROON," A TALE
BY PERCY ST. JOHN.

How beautiful is light ! when first the dawn
Of opening day illumes the distant lawn,
Unfolding to our view full many a scene
Of life and loveliness ; the village green,
The lofty hills, the murmuring stream that flows
Across the verdant meadows, all disclose
Their rich luxuriance. See without a cloud
Those golden streaks appear ! night's sable shroud
Has been withdrawn, that moon's first rays may shed
Their gladdening influence o'er the path we tread.

So shone the star of Bethlehem, 'midst the gloom
Of night's dark reign, the shepherds' path t' illum, e,
And guide them to the hallowed spot, where lay
The babe foretold in many a by-gone day.

E'en so the gospel's radiant light has given
 To many a heathen land fair hopes of heaven ;
 Reveal'd to blind idolatry the way
 To heaven's bright realms of pure celestial day.

' Let there be light,' the great Jehovah cried :
 Swift sail'd the vessel o'er the foaming tide,
 To Columbian shores, where thousands lay
 Beneath the weight of superstition's sway.

With zeal inspired, the missionary went,
 Full on his task of heavenly mercy bent ;
 And there proclaim'd the gospel's glorious plan,
 That faith in Christ would save apostate man.
 Then rose amidst the gloom of heathen night,
 The sun of righteousness, and there was light.
 What but the splendid rays of heavenly love,
 To us descending from the realms above,
 Could shew the human heart its innate sin,
 How deeply rooted there it lay within ;
 Reveal the law of kindness e'en to foes,
 And soothe each angry feeling to repose ?

Far from the Hudson's banks, from which they fled,
 The negro Matthew his loved partner led
 From Sebright's bonds and cruel slavery's yoke.
 Matthew, the slave, had groan'd beneath the stroke
 Of savage tyranny : had twice been brought

Near to the gates of death. At length he sought
 A safe retreat from pain and misery,
 From cruel masters, and from tyranny.
 Within a lonely dell, 'midst forest shade
 Of verdant trees, their safe retreat was made ;
 There nature smiled around ; a lovely spot
 Was that where Matthew built his humble cot.

One smiling morn the sun's bright beams shone fair
 On that lone cot ; there seem'd no cause for care,
 As calmly seated near her cottage door,
 Her infant playing on the grassy floor,
 Rebecca cried, ' Mat bery long to day,
 What for get up so soon ? where can him stay ?
 Him not so 'dustrious genly.' Then she sought
 To chase away each anxious, gloomy thought,
 By fond caresses, lavishly bestowed
 On her lov'd boy, the pride of her abode.

'Five years had now elaps'd, yet still remain'd
 In Mat a sense of injuries sustain'd,
 The keen remembrance of the cruel stroke
 By which he'd suffer'd : in his mind awoke
 A thirst for vengeance dire ; Mat had not learn'd
 That injuries with love are best return'd.

But now approach'd a distant sound, which drew
 Rebecca's notice : soon within her view

Appears the husband, while the heavy tread
 Of soldiers filled her anxious soul with dread.
 Mat saw her catch her infant from the ground,
 With all a mother's love gaze wildly round,
 Then gently shew'd how groundless her alarm,
 Herself and babe were still secure from harm.
 The soldiers sat beneath the spreading shade,
 A mossy bank their rustic couch was made.
 In conversation deep the time pass'd by,
 Till the bright sun approach'd the mid-day sky.

But why those tears, Rebecca? why that sigh
 Of deep distress, that look of misery?
 Alas within her hearing had been said,
 Words that implied much blood would soon be shed ;
 She heard of war : heard how the battle plain
 Was strew'd with many a son and father, slain
 By hands which should have guarded from the blow
 A son or brother in that hour of woe.
 How sad that British hearts should seek the life
 Of British hearts in that disgraceful strife,
 As though th' Atlantic's waves could wash away
 The tie that bound them to Britannia's sway :
 As though the Western world and Albion's isle,
 Could not enjoy their heavenly father's smile,
 And join in love and unity to bless
 The God who reigns in love and righteousness.

She too had learn'd the business that had brought
 The soldiers to their lone and peaceful cot ;
 They sought a colonel Sebright, who they said
 Had join'd the British army, but had fled,
 And lay conceal'd within the deepest shade
 Of forest trees : she heard the schemes they laid
 To take the fugitive ; she saw with dread
 The look that o'er her husband's face was spread.
 ' Mat saw him yesterday,' she heard him say,
 Then with a look of dark revenge he gave
 Direction to the lonely mountain cave.

The men departed : Mat approach'd the place
 Where stood Rebecca, but her weeping face
 And agitated mien awoke his fears :
 ' Why Becca weep,' he cried, ' why him in tears ?
 Dat something new I spec.' ' Mat no lub wife.'
 ' What did you Becca say ?' Then rose a strife
 'Twixt anger and affection. Matthew lov'd
 His wife with tenderness, and now was mov'd
 With more than usual kindness, for he guess'd
 Some load of grief her aching heart oppress'd.
 ' Becca, what dat you say, what for him cry ?'
 ' Mat want to be a murdar, else for why
 Mat bring de soger here ? Him come to find
 Young massa Sebright, dat did take and bind,
 Did beat poor Mat, and den did Becca fly ;

And now if Mat kill Massa, Becca die,
 No live to be a murdar's wife' ; she cries,
 With all the eloquence that mercy tries,
 When pleading for the wretched. Christian love,
 Imparted from the realms of bliss above,
 Prevail'd o'er Mat : his angry passions fell,
 Subdu'd at length by her he lov'd so well.
 ' Becca, you right,' he cried, ' and Mat him brute,
 Mat run and stop the Soger's quick pursuit,
 Him sabe poor Massa.' ' Stop,' his wife replied,
 ' Mat need not go to cave : dere Massa hide.'

In a recess behind her infant's cot,
 Rebecca hid the fugitive : forgot,
 At least forgave her master, all the pain
 His cruelty had caus'd them to sustain.
 Oh, who can tell the joy that shall be given
 To him who labours in the cause of heaven?
 And if one crown of glory shines more bright
 Than others, which adorn the sons of light,
 Surely the missionary's head will bow
 Beneath the crown that will invest his brow ;
 For many a negro's penitential tear,
 Shall sparkle with a brilliant lustre there.
 Had not the zealous missionary sought
 The untaught negro, would the noble thought
 Have enter'd that poor darken'd mind, to save
 And rescue his oppressor from the grave ?

But how did Sebright meet the Christian slave,
 Who thus had suffered, and who thus forgave?
 Pale, ghastly, worn with toil and want he stood,
 Depriv'd of rest, of safety, and of food.
 The heart of Mat was touch'd: he plac'd a seat,
 With tender care invited him to eat;
 Gave him the best his little store supplied,
 And smiled to find his guest was satisfied.

'Matthew,' said Sebright, 'how can I repay
 The kindness thou hast shewn to me this day?
 Thou art a noble fellow, Mat, while I
 Am quite unworthy of thy sympathy.
 Give me thy hand, and may the God of heaven,
 Shew thee as freely all thy sins forgiven
 As thou'st forgiven me. Yes, God is love,
 And he beholds thee from his throne above.'

'But Massa' Matthew cried, 'de time pass on,
 De sogers soon come back, dem long been gone;
 Mat know de way, him safely guide along,
 Through dese dark woods, fear massa should go wrong.'

And now they take their midnight walk, and find
 Fresh subjects occupy th' unwearied mind;
 Then liberty with all its blessings rose
 As the best gift a gracious God bestows.

To British hearts how dear is liberty,
 How priz'd the word that set the captive free,
 Unbound his fetters, bade his soul rejoice,
 And listen to the sympathizing voice
 Of Britain's sons, who own'd the negro slave
 A brother in adversity, then gave
 With truly christian love their anxious thought
 To rescue them from slavery's cruel lot.
 That noble task in mercy was begun,
 And ended by a splendid victory won ;
 For negro slaves now look to England's shore
 And bless the British hearts that now no more
 Tell slavery waits them. Yes, from Britain's shore
 Rose the glad cry that 'Slavery is no more.'
 Then with what eloquence did Matthew plead
 The cause of freedom. 'Let de slave be freed,
 And den will Massa happy be to find
 De poor black negro hab a grateful mind.'

In silence Sebright listened, till a light
 Broke in upon his soul : he felt 'twas right
 What Mat had urg'd, yet still in thoughtful mood
 He travers'd silently the gloomy road.
 At length the morn appear'd, they reach'd the spot
 Where Sebright's friend resided, whom he sought ;
 But when that friend beheld the Colonel's guide,
 The negro Matthew by his master's side,

Astonish'd, he exclaim'd, 'What! Sebright here,
Whilst Mat the runaway betrays no fear?'

'Hush, hush, my friend,' the colonel quickly said,
'Breathe not my name; or rather let it spread
Throughout the land for this brave fellow's sake.
Hast thou a boat? my flight I quickly take,
I seek the British shore, for whilst I tread
On Western land, around my path are spread
Death and destruction; for the vengeful foe
Now seeks my life: and did not Matthew know
The Christian law which his forgiving wife
Acknowledges their only rule of life,
The mountain cave had been my dying bed,
Without a friend to raise my drooping head.'

Now quickly sails the bark along the stream
And lo! poor Mat was left alone, to dream
In silence o'er events so new and strange;
To wonder at his feelings; at the change
He felt had taken place within his breast,
For every anxious passion was at rest.

An hour elapsed, when one appear'd, to say
That Sebright now was safely on his way.

'What! Massa gone, and no wish Mat good bye,
No wish poor Mat good morn, and dat for why?'

‘He was in haste,’ the stranger cried; ‘but stay,
This purse he left for thee, and bade me say
That Sebright’s slaves henceforward shall be free :
Know Mat, that blessing was obtained by thee.
All thanks thy former master now disclaims,
And bids his men for ever bless the names
Of Matthew and his wife ; those noble souls
Who own the law of God alone controls
And binds the Christian to forgive his foes ;
That law which no revengeful passion knows,
That bids the sinner when he looks to heaven
For pardon, shew his foes are all forgiven.

THE OLD WEAVER.

Why wears that face a smile so sweet,
And whence that look of calm content ?
Say Robert, to thy lone retreat,
Has heaven its richest blessings sent ?
'Twas even so : the God of heaven,
To him a Saviour's love had given.

No wonder then a smile so bright,
Should o'er poor Robert's features spread ;
The soul redeem'd from endless night,
To heavenly contemplation led,
May smile 'midst thunder's loudest roar,
May smile when time shall be no more.

Retir'd, he shun'd th' abodes of men,
The scenes of worldly care and strife,
Secluded in his lonely glen ;
Where, with the partner of his life,
He pass'd his days in praise and prayer,
And bless'd his God who plac'd him there.

And oft would he delight to trace
 The mercy of his heavenly guide,
 Who check'd him in his dangerous race
 Of sin, of folly, and of pride ;
 When he forsook his home, to share
 A soldier's life of toil and care.

But now no longer in the field,
 With death and horror spread around,
 His thoughts to mild contentment yield ;
 He loves each sweet and tranquil sound,
 Resigning thoughts of sword and flame,
 Again a weaver he became.

Yet though an heir of endless joy,
 And rich in heavenly faith and love,
 Sometimes would earthly cares annoy,
 While travelling to his home above ;
 And sometimes feebly has he sighed,
 'I hope the Lord will yet provide.'

Once : 'twas a week of anxious care,
 A valued web was now complete,
 The night was dark, the town was far
 From poor old Robert's lone retreat ;
 The web aside well pleas'd he laid,
 'Till to its owner 'twas convey'd.

Just then a female traveller sought
 A shelter through the dreary night ;
 The weaver paus'd : ' the web ' he thought,
 ' Is not my own ; can it be right
 To trust a stranger in the cot
 With such a web ? I fear 'tis not.'

The woman saw his anxious eyes
 Fix'd on the web ; ' my friend,' she cried,
 ' Let not a moment's doubt arise,
 Nor let my prayer be now denied ;
 What surety shall I offer thee ?
 The Saviour shall my surety be.'

' The Saviour, say'st thou ? then remain,
 Till morning dawn with us abide,
 Thou'rt welcome ; for 'tis not in vain,
 Thou hast that sacred name applied ;
 On that dear name my soul relies,
 That name my passport to the skies.'

The stranger stay'd : the shades of night
 Were past ; but ere the morning sun
 Had spread his beams of cheerful light,
 She'd fled ; alas ! the web was gone :
 Beneath a neighbouring hill she lay,
 And waited there the close of day.

Poor Robert ! sad was then thy grief,
 What comfort could thy wife afford ?
 One only thought could bring relief,
 She said her surety was the Lord,
 And he that surety long had tried ;
 His God, his Saviour crucified.

But oh ! could trees or mountains hide
 From God that false one who could dare,
 Blaspheme the name of him who died
 That sinners may his mercy share ?
 She thought not while she lay conceal'd,
 To him her crimes were all reveal'd.

She meant, when evening shades appear'd,
 To trace the way to her abode,
 But ere the day had disappear'd,
 A mist arose ; she lost her road :
 Perplex'd, she stop'd, when through the trees,
 With joy a glimmering light she sees.

She hasten'd on, but now the light
 Though faint, no longer can she see ;
 ' Oh, how shall I endure this night,
 Such darkness and such misery : '
 Again it shone, she sought the spot,
 But knew not 'twas the weaver's cot.

There was an eye upon her turn'd,
 Th' attempt to shun that eye was vain,
 And he whose honor stood concern'd,
 Jealous that honor to sustain,
 The web compell'd her to restore,
 And led her to poor Robert's door.

Rejoicing now she reach'd the place,
 Implor'd admittance for the night,
 But who her thoughts, her fears could trace,
 When poor old Robert met her sight?
 Soon was the stolen web return'd,
 Nor was she from the cottage spurn'd.

For he who once, a soldier, press'd
 Undaunted through the battle's din,
 Now with a zeal as warm address'd
 Each wanderer in the paths of sin :
 How blest in Jesu's name could he
 Proclaim o'er sin the victory.

Within that humble cot, behold
 The faithful soldier of the cross,
 In Jesu's service long enroll'd,
 Who fear'd not pain, or want, or loss ;
 Glad if to him the task were given,
 To lead one suppliant heart to heaven.

He spoke of sin's destructive power,
 The dangerous path her feet had trod ;
 'Oh how,' he ask'd, 'in life's last hour,
 How wilt thou meet an angry God,
 When the last trumpet wakes the dead,
 Dread judgment bursting on thy head ?

Then may'st thou on the mountains call,
 To hide thee from the judge's eye,
 For know that justice then will fall
 On those who mercy's call defy :
 Oh ! now to mercy's call attend,
 And beg that Christ will stand thy friend.'

Behold that guilty one, who dar'd
 To act that base deceitful part !
 What misery can be e'er compar'd
 With that dread agony of heart,
 Which then her trembling soul assail'd,
 When, conscience struck, her fears prevail'd ?

They knelt ; their prayers arose to heaven,
 And God who hears the mourner's cry,
 Accepted theirs : to her was given
 Sweet consolation from on high ;
 And much she lov'd the God of heaven,
 For oh ! how much had he forgiven.

And did not then the God of Light,
 Approve that act of Christian love
 In him who through that dreary night,
 Had led her thoughts to worlds above?
 Angels rejoice 'midst glory's blaze,
 And cry, 'behold! yon sinner prays!'

Well might'st thou, good old man, rejoice;
 Still wear those smiles of heavenly love,
 'Till thou shalt hear thy Saviour's voice,
 Call thee to realms of bliss above;
 Thy conflict and thy warfare o'er,
 Thou'lt hear the sound of war no more.

And why poor traveller on thy way,
 Why should'st thou stand, why raise thine eye?
 Why move, and then thy footsteps stay,
 As though thy looks could pierce the sky?
 Well may'st thou, lost in thought, retrace
 The wonders of redeeming grace.

Yes thou, poor sinner, thou hast found,
 That peace which from repentance flows;
 Yes, thou hast heard the joyful sound,
 The ransom'd sinner only knows.
 'Twas mercy's voice which spoke to thee,
 And led thy soul to Calvary.

WILLIAM AND MARY.

The sun shone forth in all his splendid rays,
Gladdening each village scene ; the feather'd tribe
Rejoiced aloud, and warbling through the grove
Sent forth their songs to heaven. The peaceful rill
That gently murmur'd through the fragrant meads,
That seem'd to speak of peace. But there was one
Who heard unmov'd that gently flowing rill,
Who saw unmov'd the sun's all glorious beams
Gild the far distant hills, without one look
Of pleasure and delight. No, for her heart was sad ;
The cheerful songsters of the leafy grove
As vainly warbled forth their sweetest notes,
Her ear received them not, she thought of home,
That home to her how chang'd ! her William too,
The partner of her life, how was he chang'd ;
Where are those smiles which brightened every look
When she went forth to meet him ? ' are they gone,'
She cried, ' for ever ? will he never more
Speak joy and comfort to this sorrowing heart ?

Oh ! William, could'st thou know how earnestly
 I've pray'd for thee, e'en when thy anger rose
 To such a fearful height ; oh ! yes, e'en then,
 When thou could'st sternly shut thy cottage door,
 Nor let thy Mary enter. More than once
 Hast thou too cruelly denied a home
 To her who in the silent fields, whole nights,
 Has wept and pray'd for blessings on thy head ;
 And though, e'en now, thy angry, cruel frowns
 Must be my lot, yet will I pray for thee :
 And could these trees, these birds, and yon bright sun,
 Bear witness to my vows, I'd call on them
 To see, to hear, with what an earnest zeal
 I'd plead thy cause with heaven. And till that sun
 Again I shall behold as now he shines,
 'Till spring again renew in all its bloom,
 Those trees as lovely as they now appear
 In their luxuriant dress ; and those sweet birds
 Again shall chant their praises to high heaven,
 Each day at noon will I devote one hour
 To intercede for thee. Alas ! thy love
 I must not hope for ; though too well I know
 How soon I could regain thy lost regard.
 But no, it must not be ; my God, forbid
 That I should e'er forsake thee ; should thy will
 Allot me still a life of care and woe,
 Oh ! give me strength from heaven, I will be thine,
 Though earth, with all her pleasures spread around,

Conspire to tear me from thee.' Strength was given
 To keep her in the path of holiness ;
 Even while she ask'd, a heavenly peace and joy
 Descended from above : she felt that God
 Would guide her through life's journey, and she felt
 A firm reliance on Jehovah's word,
 Which never did, which never can deceive.

When Mary reach'd her home her heart was full ;
 The cherish'd hope that God would hear her prayer,
 And bless poor William too, rose bright within,
 Until the tears she vainly strove to check,
 Roll'd down her pallid cheeks : ' what, ever thus ?
 Still drowned in tears ? ' the angry William cried,
 ' Must this excess of folly never end ?
 And this is thy religion : Mary, hear ;
 Once more I tell thee calmly 'twill not do,
 Expect not kindness, gentleness from me,
 Whilst thou art deaf to reason. If my will
 Is thus to be despis'd, be slighted thus,
 Thou will not find me other than I am.
 When first I knew thee thou wast all I wish'd,
 All mirth and gaiety, all life and joy ;
 Be what thou wast, and thou shalt find me still
 All thou canst wish or hope : take thy own way,
 But rest assured deep sorrow will be thine.'

' William,' she cried, ' I must obey my God
 Who gave me life, He mark'd for me my path,

And if 'twere rougher still, it must be mine.
 How is it I offend? say, have I been
 Less kind to thee, less diligent to please,
 Since, having found I have a friend in heaven,
 I strive to serve him too? Believe it not;
 Thinkest thou I could requite his love to me
 By slighting thee? His will is best obeyed
 By humbly treading in the Saviour's steps,
 Whose life was that of love. Where'er he went
 Humility and lowliness of mind
 Shone brightly there, and never may I dare
 Offend by discord, Him whose law is peace.
 Those tears I could not hide, were not the tears
 That flow from grief, my heart was full of joy,
 I hoped my prayers were heard, I also hoped—'

'Peace,' William cried, 'I will not hear thee talk
 Of thy religion, what's thy God to me?
 To such weak notions must I be the slave?'

She answer'd not, for well did Mary know
 She could not glorify the God she loved
 By rousing angry passions; no, she sought
 By mildness and forbearance to allay
 Each rising discord, for she judg'd the guilt
 Would then be hers, had she by crossing him
 Induced an impious word. Mary withdrew
 And sought a blessing from the God of peace.

Again the seasons roll'd their annual round ;
 The fields and trees were clad in brightest green ;
 The birds as sweetly warbled from the spray,
 As well as when, twelve months before, her heart
 With grief oppress'd, had wander'd forth and pray'd
 For him she lov'd. And still each day at noon,
 She sought her God for him ; but twelve long months
 Had yet reveal'd no change : the night drew on,
 She watch'd for his return with anxious heart,
 And almost ventur'd to indulge the hope
 Her prayers would yet be heard : at length he came ;
 But oh ! unkindness mark'd each word he spoke,
 Yet she with patience bore his cruel wrongs.

She sought her lonely bower ; the moon arose
 And cast her silver light across the path
 Which led to her retreat ; ' my God,' she cried,
 ' Yet grant me strength renew'd to bear the cross
 Thou hast to me assign'd ; oh ! may that faith
 Thy mercy has afforded, shed her light
 O'er all my steps, that so I may sustain
 The Christian's lot unmov'd : let not a cloud
 Of dark distrust forbid my hope in thee :
 May its mild rays be still as clearly thine,
 Deriv'd as purely from the God of heaven,
 As those bright, silv ry beams, derive their light
 From their resplendent source, day's glorious orb.'
 Hope did not quite forsake her, and a ray

Cheer'd her sad heart. 'I yet will pray,' she said,
 'Full six months longer, and perhaps my God
 May look in pity on me : if he then
 Rejects my prayer, though dreadful is the thought,
 I must not, dare not longer urge my suit.'

Winter approach'd ; Mary had daily sought
 Her wonted place of prayer. The day arriv'd
 When she resolv'd to leave her cause with God.
 Alas ! no change appear'd in William's life,
 Sullen he left his home, no kind farewell
 Reviv'd her drooping soul ; with pain she read,
 E'en in his looks, his hatred to his God.

'And must I now forbear to pray for him,
 And leave him to his God?' poor Mary cried :
 Oh ! yes, once more I'll seek that boon from heaven,
 That blessing which I fear will be denied.'

The hour of noon arriv'd, and Mary sought
 Once more her calm retreat ; she greatly fear'd
 She might be led to murmur at the will
 Of him who reigns in righteousness and love.

'Father of mercies, as it is thy will
 To keep me longer in this vale of tears,
 Oh ! give me patience ; let me not repine,
 Although my fervent prayers may be denied.
 Still let me hope that he for whom I plead

May yet be snatch'd from ruin's fearful gulph,
 And sav'd from endless woe. And now my God
 I leave him in thy hands ; the hour is come
 On which my hopes of joy and comfort hung,
 And yet it brings not joy.' Slowly and sad
 She left the spot as one resign'd to woe.
 ' And must I not petition for thee more,
 My poor lost William ! no, my suit is o'er,
 And thou, alas !—she felt o'erwhelm'd with grief,
 'Twas agony to think, yet vain the hope
 To banish from her heart her load of care.

The shades of night drew on ; William return'd
 Depress'd and sad ; Mary observ'd his grief.

' William, thou art not well,' she gently said ;
 ' Has any thing distress'd thee ? art thou ill ?'
 He spoke not, for he seem'd as one oppress'd
 With grief too deep for utterance ; at length
 A long, deep sigh, reliev'd his aching breast.

' Mary,' he cried, ' canst thou forgive e'en me ?
 No, 'tis too much to hope, yet thou hast borne
 Such cruel injuries so patiently,
 I almost think thou canst.' ' Can I forgive ?
 Oh ! William, ask me not ; these tears must speak
 Thy full and free forgiveness.' ' 'Tis enough,'
 William replied, ' so oft thou hast forgiven,

I will not doubt it now. But there's a God
 Who hates oppression, cruelty, and vice ;
 He cannot look on me but to condemn,
 I cannot, dare not ask him to forgive ;
 But Mary, thou hast found a friend in him,
 And 'tis thy happiness to seek his throne ;
 Oh ! when thou dost approach him, when his ear
 Inclines to thy requests, then plead for one
 Who dares not for himself.' 'But why despair,'
 She cried, 'hast thou not heard that God delights
 To grant his mercy to the contrite heart ?
 The tear of penitence he loves to see :
 He will accept thy prayer.' 'Oh ! say not so,'
 He cried, 'thou dost not know the weight of woe
 I have to bear. This day, at noon, the thought
 That I must stand before a righteous judge,
 O'erwhelm'd my soul : I felt that I was lost,
 And lost I am, I know, I feel it so ;
 I've sinn'd past all forgiveness, I've presum'd
 To scorn, revile the great Redeemer's name,
 And oh ! how deeply have I injured thee.'

'William' she cried, 'had all the griefs I've borne
 Been tenfold what they were, I yet would bear,
 Could joyfully receive them, did they bring
 Such joy as this ; yes, such an hour as this
 Would well outweigh a life of care and pain,
 Such mercy so despair'd of, so desir'd.'

Speakest thou of mercy Mary, when thou know'st
How surely I am lost? there is no hope for me
Which I can rest upon.' 'No hope,' she cried,
'Behold the night, how dark; see, not a star
Illumes the vast expanse, how dark and drear,
And yet as surely as the morning sun
Again shall re-appear, so shall the sun,
The glorious sun of righteousness, arise
And shine upon thy soul; for know that God,
The God of heaven, has said, the prayer of faith
Shall not be made in vain.' Mary's was heard;
The sun of righteousness arose on him
For whom she long had pray'd, and now appear'd
With healing on his wings, and he was blest.

EDWIN.

On a green bank with fragrant flowerets deck'd,
An aged man reclin'd ; near him a youth,
Whose bright black eyes and glowing cheek of health
Bespoke a heart as yet unknown to care ;
The lovely bloom of youth seem'd heighten'd far
When placed in contrast with the drooping age
And bending body of his dearest friend,
Whose silver locks proclaim'd the hand of time ;
Yet had not time done all, for poignant grief
Had heap'd its snows upon his aching head,
And mark'd deep furrows on his pallid cheeks.

On rising ground, above a chrystal stream,
A modest dwelling rose ; 'twas Edwin's home :
A well stock'd farm, whose fields of golden corn,
And orchards bending 'neath their load of fruit,
Promis'd to yield the most abundant crops.

The lowing cattle graz'd beneath the shade
 Of aged oaks, and seem'd t' enjoy the scene
 Of varied beauties nature strew'd around.
 With soften'd rays the splendid orb of day
 Smil'd on luxuriant woods : a purple hue
 Was shed o'er all the vale ; the verdant lawns
 A grateful fragrance yield ; the eglantine,
 With perfum'd dematis and blushing rose,
 Unite their sweets and breathe rich odours round.
 It was an eve that well might draw, afar
 From crowded towns or deep sequester'd dells,
 Those who delight in nature's loveliest scenes,
 And in the works of God behold his hand.

'My boy,' the good old man exclaim'd, 'behold
 Yon village church ! see how the setting sun
 Illumes the sacred fane ! how beautiful
 Those brilliant rays of burnish'd gold appear,
 And may the sun with all his splendour grace
 A house devoted to the God of heaven,
 To holy contemplation and to prayer.

'I well remember, Edwin, when a boy,
 Entering a market town : it was at eve :
 I pass'd through crowded streets, the windows blaz'd
 With brilliant lights ; nought but the sound of joy
 Could be distinguish'd there. I ask'd the cause,
 And soon I learnt that peace had been proclaim'd ;

The vanquish'd foes had left the battle field,
 Laid down their arms, and offer'd terms of peace ;
 And when returning from the busy town"
 To gain my tranquil home, then did my friend
 Explain to me the nature of that peace
 Of which I'd heard so much ; describ'd the grief
 Of those who by their conquering foes were led
 To share the prisoners' fate, where, far from home,
 They pin'd in sad captivity. Then came
 The wish'd for ransom : then their hearts rejoiced,
 And gloried in the blissful sounds of peace.

' But Edwin thou canst now behold that view,
 Yon windows gilded with the splendid rays
 Of day's bright luminary ; thou canst feel
 A peace more solid, which the world knows not.
 Gladly hast thou receiv'd the joyful news
 Proclaim'd within those walls to ransom'd souls.
 But Edwin'—here he paus'd ; the glistening tear
 Had dimm'd his eye : ' But what ? oh ! say, my friend, '
 The youth exclaim'd, ' hast thou an anxious fear
 My future conduct should destroy thy peace,
 And darken thy declining years ? oh ! say,
 Hast thou beheld conceal'd within my heart
 Such deep ingratitude ? If so, farewell !
 Thou canst not feel an interest in one
 Who thus would prove so base.' The old man smiled,
 And kindly press'd the hand held out to him :

'Not yet, my boy,' he cried, 'restrain thy warmth,
 I know the ardent feelings of thy soul;
 Though far advanc'd in years, I can recall
 The wilful scenes of my impetuous youth,
 When giddily I ran my wayward course;
 'Tis therefore that I warn thee of the snares
 Laid to allure thy unsuspecting age:
 To morrow thou must leave us; leave thy home,
 To enter on a world by thee untried.
 Could'st thou but know the treachery of its smiles,
 Its deep laid schemes to tempt unwary youth,
 Thou would'st exclaim, 'oh! how shall one so young,
 Resist each strong temptation, and remain
 Untouch'd by vice?' Edwin, there is one path
 That thou may'st safely tread; that one thou'st tried,
 And found it safe. But oh! dear youth, beware,
 Should'st thou be drawn aside, forsake thy God,
 Neglect thy duties, what must follow then?
 Thy father must by sad experience learn
 He had too fondly trusted in thy strength,
 And live to mourn his hapless Edwin's fall;
 Thy mother, that dear object of thy love'—

'My mother—hold, my friend, oh! speak not thus!
 Grieve her fond heart? no, could I dare resist
 My Saviour and my God, defy his power,
 And prove a base apostate, yet even then
 Think'st thou I could forget a mother's love?

Repay with grief her kind maternal care ?
 No, when I can repay a mother's love,
 That nourish'd me through infancy and youth,
 With such unkind returns, and by one act,
 Unworthy of her care, wound that fond heart,
 May stern misfortune shed her direst woes
 Round the ungrateful Edwin. Then, my friend,
 I'd bear the keen reproach : 'twould be deserv'd.'

'Edwin, should'st thou forsake thy heavenly friend,
 Despise the sacred words of holy writ,
 If sinners should entice, and thou consent
 To tread forbidden paths; dread not my frown :
 When conscience speaks, fear not reproach from me,
 For then thou wilt have learnt how bitter 'tis,
 To bear the frowns of an offended God.'

And now they rose to part, yet linger'd still ;
 They paus'd ere they pursu'd their homeward way ;
 At length the old man spoke : 'Edwin, my boy,
 Whilst thou art absent, I shall often seek
 This verdant bank, and I shall think of thee
 As of a friend who holds the dearest place
 Within my heart. When thou wast yet a child,
 Thy fond endearments sooth'd my troubled mind ;
 When death had borne my last surviving friend
 Beyond a mortal's reach, 'twas then it seem'd
 As though my God, in pity to my woes,

Sent thee, a little cherub from the skies,
 To soothe my grief; and from that time till now
 Thou hast been a son to me. How shall I miss
 Thee, my beloved friend! but we must part,
 And three long years must pass ere I may see
 My boy again. Yet stay, once more with me
 Behold that glorious view! 'tis what will soothe
 And cheer my mind when thou art far away;
 But only when the sun shall lend his rays
 To gild that holy structure, shall I reach
 This lovely spot; for should a cloud arise
 And dim its lustre, then perchance, my mind,
 Tinged with the spreading gloom, may thence forebode
 Some sorrow to my boy. Yes, I may fear
 That thou, by some unwary step, hast lost
 That heavenly peace, the sunshine of thy soul.
 Forgive me, Edwin, if my words offend;
 Remember, 'tis the privilege of age
 To counsel youth, and now once more farewell.'

The morning's dawn beheld the youth depart,
 But tears of fond affection rendered vain
 Th' attempt to speak. The sad adieu, alas!
 Died on his lips, and when his mother's voice
 Recall'd him for another fond embrace,
 He felt how matchless was a mother's love.

Since Edwin left his home, three tedious years
 Had pass'd away; and now the father's heart

Beat high in expectation, and he long'd
 To fold his Edwin to his heart ; alas !
 The time pass'd on, and yet he saw him not.
 The mother slept beneath the yew tree's shade,
 Hers was a rest unbroken by the storms,
 However wild and fierce. Her soul was safe
 Beyond the reach of every earthly care.

One sultry day an aged man was seen,
 Fatigued with long exertion : he reclin'd
 Beneath a spreading tree, for many a mile
 Now lay between him and his home ; and yet
 Far distant was the town he sought : but why
 Did he thus wander on ? why thus pursue
 His journey ere he felt himself refresh'd ?
 Alas ! poor Godfrey's heart was ill at ease,
 For daily at the farm had he enquired
 If any tidings had been heard of him
 Whom his soul lov'd. But disappointment still
 Had follow'd him. One day he had been there
 But still in vain ; his path led near the spot
 He lov'd for Edwin's sake. Once more he sat
 Upon the grassy mount ; the radiant sun
 In all his splendour setting, shed his beams
 Upon the church where he and Edwin oft
 Had hail'd the sabbath morn ; but 'twas not long
 Ere a dark cloud o'erspread the fields with gloom,
 Loud thunders echoed from the neighbouring hills,

While many a vivid flash was seen to play
 Across the darken'd skies ; at length descending rain
 Compell'd him to depart. He sought his home
 Wearied and sad. 'Twas the first time he'd seen
 A cloud rest on that spot. 'My God,' he cried,
 'Is this an emblem of my Edwin's fate ?
 Oh ! if my boy has trifled with that peace
 He once enjoyed ; lightly esteem'd that gift
 By heaven bestow'd ; if he, alas ! has heard
 And yielded to temptation's voice, and thus
 Has brought a flood of sorrow on his soul ;
 Then, oh ! my heavenly father, let me be
 The bearer of some promis'd good to him ;
 Let me once more behold thy pardoning love
 Cheer his repentant soul ; may the last act
 Of my declining years restore my boy,
 Reclaim his wandering heart : then may I close
 These aged eyes for ever on a world
 Of sin and sorrow.' Such was Godfrey's prayer :
 'Twas therefore that the good old man pursued
 With unabated zeal his weary way.
 He gain'd the town, he travers'd many a street,
 Till worn by long fatigue, o'ercome by grief,
 His spirits fail'd him, and a flood of tears
 Betray'd how much he felt. A flight of steps
 Was there, on which reposing, he had found
 A short relief ; he cast his eyes around,
 And from a neighbouring tavern he beheld

Many pass by him : some inflam'd by wine,
 Seem'd by their mirth to glory in their sin.
 Others were there whose features spoke excess,
 But they seem'd sad ; for dissipation yet
 Had fail'd to harden them, and deep remorse
 Prey'd keenly on their minds ; though wanting strength
 To break the enticing charms, they sought it not
 From that one source that fails not, from their God ;
 And thus they sinn'd and thus they sorrow'd still.
 But there was one who yet remain'd within,
 Whose pallid cheeks, whose anxious looks betray'd
 That peace had ceased to be an inmate there.
 What? was his game unfinish'd that he stay'd?
 Or did he yet require another glass
 To drown the voice of conscience? soon he rose,
 And from an open window saw his friend,
 The aged Godfrey. Then a tide of joy
 Flow'd to his aching heart, and at that sight,
 For one delightful moment he forgot
 He was not what he had been ; he forgot
 His sin and sorrow, all the painful past
 Had vanish'd from his mind, he turn'd to seek
 One so beloved ; but ere he reach'd the door,
 Various and mingled feelings o'er his heart
 Rush'd in such wild confusion, that he stood
 Immoveable ; then pride, repentance, shame,
 And the base charge of vile ingratitude,
 The dread of meeting that kind monitor
 He had so deeply wounded, all conspired

To overwhelm his soul. Then thoughts of home,
Thoughts of those dear neglected parents, left
To mourn his errors, with resistless force
Impell'd him onward; soon the steps were gain'd.

'Godfrey, my friend,' he cried, 'say, by that name
May I address thee now? I have deserv'd
Thy stern rebuke. and yet thou dost not frown.'

'My Edwin, can I frown on one whose heart
Is torn with sad remorse? thou need'st not say
How bitterly thou'st felt the keen reproach
Of an awaken'd conscience. I can trace
Deep marks of sorrow on thy alter'd face;
Sin ever leads to sorrow, yet apply
To him who will not break the bruised reed,
To him who loves to heal the broken heart,
For Edwin I have that to say to thee,
Will make his succour needful; start not thus,
It cannot be conceal'd: then know, dear youth,
Thy mother lives not, with her dying breath
She bade me bear her blessing to her son.
But haste to that dear parent that remains,
And with redoubled tenderness repay
His love to thee. How anxiously he longs
For thy return.' But Edwin heard him not:
'Twas thus the storm that Godfrey long had fear'd,
Descended in its wrath, and for a time
His reason yielded to the sudden shock;
He knew not that beside him sat his friend,

Whose eager eye awaited the first glance
 Of consciousness ; nor had he long to wait ;
 No, for that power by whose permission fell
 A storm so heavy, bade the tempest cease,
 And guided by that power they reach'd
 Their wish'd for home ; that home, to Edwin's eyes,
 How alter'd now. His father welcom'd him
 With tears of joy ; he press'd him to his breast
 With deep and strong emotion, but a sigh
 Would oft escape when he would fain have smil'd
 On his belov'd son : but when the youth
 Beheld the vacant seat where one so lov'd
 Was wont to sit, ' Mother,' he sadly cried,
 ' Mother ! my mother ! could'st thou tell me now
 I never griev'd thy heart ; oh ! could'st thou say
 I did not hasten thee to yon cold grave,
 What would I give ? but could'st thou see thy son,
 Behold his aching heart, see his distress,
 Thou would'st forgive him now.' ' Be comforted,'
 Exclaim'd his father, ' for she never knew
 Her Edwin had neglected to fulfil
 His sacred duties. With her latest breath
 She blest her son.' ' Then I am blest indeed,
 That glad assurance cheers my drooping heart,
 And speaks of peace again.' And peace once more
 Resum'd its influence there. Henceforth to tread
 The path of duty was his happy choice,
 And well did he repay the debt of love
 He owed his sire, now more than ever dear.

THE MINSTREL.

The minstrel had sought a lonely spot,
From life's gay scenes retiring,
And he loved that peaceful, that lowly cot,
No wealth or fame desiring :
Though oft he'd wak'd his harp's wild strain
To notes of gladness swelling,
Where pleasure had held her magic reign,
In many a lordly dwelling.

And many a lay had the minstrel sung,
With deeds of valour teeming ;
How the victor's brow was with laurels hung,
While fame's bright rays were beaming :
And many a knight could the minstrel name,
From distant wars returning,
Who had hasten'd his lady love to claim,
The reward of his valour earning.

And many a rustic lay would he tune,
Of the hapless village maiden,

Who stray'd by the light of the silver moon,
 Her heart with sorrow laden.
 Why sits he now with pensive air,
 On his moss-grown seat reclining?
 Why all unstrung should his harp lie there,
 Its sweetest strains declining?
 The minstrel had been his Redeemer's love
 With the love of the world comparing,
 And his thoughts were lost in the joys above,
 That the souls of the blest are sharing;
 And he thought of the last expiring breath
 Of the Saviour for sinners given,
 How his Maker had suffer'd so dread a death,
 To bear lost souls to heaven.

'The martyr,' he cried, 'has sought the stake,
 No pain or anguish dreading,
 Nor shunn'd for his kind Redeemer's sake,
 The flames around him spreading :
 But he knew that the Saviour his life had given,
 His soul from death restoring,
 And he long'd with the ransom'd hosts in heaven,
 To be ever his God adoring.'

'The parent to save a drowning son,
 In nature's keen emotion,
 Has rush'd to save his beloved one,
 And snatch him from the ocean :

But 'twas his child, his beloved child,
 Beneath the billows sinking,
 That fir'd his heart with a courage wild,
 From death nor danger shrinking.'

'The patriot with a zeal as warm,
 His country's rights defending,
 Has nobly braved the approaching storm,
 O'er his fated head impending :
 But not for his foes did his life's blood flow,
 'Twas his country's cause he cherished,
 For his country's welfare he met the blow,
 For the land of his birth he perished.'

'The soldier,' he cried, 'to the field has rush'd,
 His brave heart death defying ;
 His parents' hopes in one moment crush'd,
 Their prayers and tears denying :
 He heeded not, for his vengeful sword,
 With the life of his foes was reeking ;
 To the victor's crown his ambition soar'd,
 The reward of glory seeking.'

Thus thought the bard, when a sudden glow,
 His soul with rapture raising,
 He seiz'd his harp that its strains may flow,
 The love of his Saviour praising :
 The lyre was tun'd, the touch was given,

The chords were richly blended,
 When the melody which had seem'd from heaven,
 As suddenly was ended.

For the minstrel ceas'd, he'd rais'd his eyes,
 His heart was with reverence glowing ;
 And he thought of the joys beyond the skies,
 In streams celestial flowing :
 Eye hath not seen since time began,
 To the ear hath it not been given,
 Nor has been conceiv'd by the mind of man,
 The joy, the bliss of heaven.

Be still, my harp, be hush'd my lays,
 From that great theme receding,
 Sublimer strains must speak the praise,
 My feeble powers exceeding.
 But now the hand that could tune that lyre,
 Yet humbly those strains resigning,
 Is employ'd with the full celestial choir,
 In realms of glory shining.

THE MOTHER'S PRAYER.

The mother had watch'd her infant boy,
With a love the mother alone can know,
There were cares and fears, yet hope and joy,
Would o'er her path their pleasures throw.

But as helpless infancy gave place,
And childhood's bloom was rising fair,
She long'd in his opening mind to trace,
Some buds of grace unfolding there.

'Oh! could my boy,' she fondly cried,
'Bow to the great Redeemer's will,
Entreat his God to be his guide,
Through every scene of good or ill ;

Then would my anxious fears subside,
Could I behold him firmly rest
His hopes in Jesus crucified,
In whom alone he may be blest.

And still she sought with unwearied zeal,
 For him the first best gift of heaven,
 And felt as a parent alone can feel,
 How sacred a charge to her was given.

Yet well she knew how vain the toil,
 Unblest the precious seed to cast ;
 A hand divine must prepare the soil,
 And screen it from tempest's chilling blast.

That hand must send the gentle rain,
 Bright sunbeams and soft morning dew,
 Ere we the wish'd for buds obtain,
 Or ripening fruits with gladness view.

At length the final hour drew nigh,
 When she must arise to meet her God,
 But she viewed her home beyond the sky,
 Nor feared to lie beneath the sod.

She knew a state of perfect joy
 Awaited her ransom'd soul in heaven,
 Yet still she pray'd that her wayward boy,
 May be led to seek for sins forgiven.

Beside her dying bed he stood,
 And then the mother beheld a tear,
 But 'twas not the tear of pride subdu'd,
 No trace of penitence was there.

And though the mother perceiv'd a sigh,
 'Twas not the sigh of holy fear,
 Alas ! no deep repentant cry,
 Arose upon that dying ear.

But ere that happy soul had gain'd
 The realms of bliss, beside her bed
 Stood one who the task had long sustain'd,
 To teach the way that to glory led.

She seiz'd his hand, and gently plac'd
 Her son's with his ; then breath'd a prayer,
 That from that hour her son may haste
 And seek a Saviour's love to share.

Then to bright realms of glory soar'd
 That happy spirit for ever blest,
 And weeping friends her loss deplor'd,
 And laid her low in her peaceful rest.

But when the silent tomb was left,
 That fond fond mother for ever gone,
 Of her prayers, of her counsels all bereft,
 Then on the youth rose mercy's dawn.

Then broke upon his mind a ray
 Of light till now unseen ; he felt
 How dear was the mother who thus could pray,
 For one who to heaven had never knelt.

And dear was that friend on whom he lean'd,
 Who pointed his trembling soul to heaven,
 When now, from his sinful follies wean'd,
 He sought and hoped to be forgiven.

Thus as the sun's meridian blaze,
 Each frozen field and tree renew'd,
 Thus mercy's mild and genial rays,
 With heavenly love that heart subdued.

And the deeply penitential sigh,
 Arose to heaven with many a tear,
 And the breaking heart and the weeping eye,
 Obtain'd an answer of mercy there.

Nor did he question the God of heaven,
 Why thus was richest grace delay'd ;
 Why was not an answer of mercy given,
 To her who was in the cold tomb laid.

'Oh ! what can I render my God,' he cried,
 'For mercy so gracious, so divine ?
 I'll trust in the Saviour crucified,
 And to him my heart, my life resign.'

And he look'd by faith beyond the skies,
 As his future home of heavenly joy,
 And dearly that mother's love would prize,
 Whose prayers were heard for her erring boy.

ALFRED.

‘My mother,’ exclaimed the playful boy,
As he stood erect with an air of pride,
‘I’m form’d for arms; ’twill be my joy,
To take some hero for my guide :
I’ll put all coward fears to shame,
The path of danger bravely daring,
I’ll win the conqueror’s glorious name,
The laurel wreath with honor wearing ;
And then, dear mother, I’ll come to thee,
And thy blessing shall crown my victory.’

He ceas’d ; but to her anxious mind,
Rose all a mother’s tenderest fears ;
In Alfred she had hoped to find
The stay of her declining years ;
She fondly look’d on her darling boy,
The image of one she long had wept.
The partner of each care and joy
In the lone church-yard silent slept ;

And patiently she long had sought
 Each rising murmur to restrain,
 To check the sad rebellious thought,
 Nor had her efforts been in vain.
 'Thou did'st not know, my child,' she cried,
 'Those words could cause such heartfelt pain,
 Thou hast not thought how long I've tried
 Thy fond affection to retain ;
 Or thou had'st not cherish'd a thought for me
 So full of sorrow and misery.
 That cheek must wear a deeper bloom,
 That eye must beam with a brighter fire,
 That voice a deeper tone assume,
 Ere thou to the warrior's fame aspire ;
 Thou'st heard with youth's impassioned glow,
 How many a dauntless heart has bled
 Beneath the victor's direful blow,
 And gain'd his glory 'midst heaps of dead.
 But the soldier's home thou hast not sought,
 Nor hast thou heard the widow's cry,
 When to her ear the truth was brought
 That plung'd her in hopeless misery ;
 Thou hast not heard the sad sad sighs
 That spoke a heart thus crush'd and breaking,
 Nor heard the infant's piteous cries,
 The parent's wretchedness partaking :
 Nor hast thou seen the aged sire,
 With silver locks his head adorning,

Whose soul possess'd one strong desire,
 To hail his son from war returning,
 When that son so worthy of his sire,
 Had fallen amidst the battle's fire :
 Thou did'st not see the inward strife
 That blanch'd the aged sufferer's face,
 As he felt unconscious yet of life,
 And gain'd a few short moments' space,
 Ere he clasp'd his hands in fervent prayer,
 Ere he sought his God and found him there.
 Nor the mother in that sad hour of woe,
 When her lov'd son amongst the slain,
 Had rush'd to meet the fatal blow,
 Thou hast not heard that soul complain ;
 Nor reach'd thy ear that piercing shriek,
 The bitter cry, ' my child ! my child ! '
 Hadst thou beheld that pallid cheek,
 That quivering lip, that eye so wild,
 Then hadst thou known, my own brave son,
 How dearly victory must be won.

But think not love, the battle's noise
 Alone the hero's valour tries,
 He who resists temptation's voice,
 And treads the path where duty lies ;
 He that can firmly, bravely check
 Forbidden thoughts, the wish to sin,
 Sin which his future peace may wreck,

That soul shall brightest glory win.
 Yes, sin, with all enticing charm,
 Shall tempt thy youth with many a snare,
 But when thy conscience sounds the alarm,
 Arise, and for thy foes prepare.
 Oh ! then the christian's armour take,
 The spirit's sword with ardour bearing,
 The shield of faith thy refuge make,
 The helmet of salvation wearing ;
 Then should'st thou hear the call to arms,
 Though foes around are thickly spreading,
 No fears shall chill or loud alarms
 Shall check the course thy steps are treading ;
 For he who bids thee not to fear,
 The Captain of Salvation, 's near.

But should my boy in riper years,
 Become a soldier of the cross,
 Not all a mother's hopes and fears,
 Not all her sufferings, want, or loss,
 Shall tempt me to repress thy zeal,
 Or damp the ardour thou might'st feel.

Should'st thou be call'd to distant lands,
 Redemption's glories to unfold,
 Then go ; from the Almighty's hand,
 My darling boy I'd not withhold :
 Then would I send my own lov'd son,

A herald from the courts of heaven ;
 Yes, thou, my best, my only one,
 Should to that holy cause be given.'

But the youth could see her colour fade,
 Could feel the tremor of her hand,
 As gently on his head 'twas laid ;
 Her voice unable to command,
 She rais'd to God her tearful eye,
 And sought heaven's blessings silently.

But now approach'd the hour of rest,
 Her Alfred bade a kind good night,
 But gloomy thoughts his mind oppress'd,
 He saw his hopes but late so bright,
 His visions of glory fair and gay,
 As the morning dew had pass'd away.

Not light more fair did morn disclose,
 Nor look'd more fair the sun's bright rays,
 Than Alfred's smile, when he arose
 And sought his mother's lov'd embrace.
 She fondly blest her boy : 'but why,
 Why wears thy cheek that radiant bloom ?
 Why should it be that thus thy eye
 Should such unwonted fire assume ?'

' My mother, know, I long have thought
 How priz'd by me the hero's fame,

But thou so tenderly hast taught,
 A mother's love is a stronger claim,
 That every wish I've now subdu'd,
 That would tempt from duty and from thee ;
 Regret's deep sigh shall not intrude,
 For I have gain'd the victory.'

He stay'd ; and rolling years reveal'd
 How firmly duty triumph'd there,
 His arm was ever near to shield
 His charge from every anxious fear.
 How could he fame or honors court ?
 Earth's dazzling glories all were dim ;
 His widow'd mother's sole support,
 Oh ! what were worldly fame to him ?
 He felt her lean upon his arm,
 He watch'd her sweet and placid smile,
 And would with fond affection's charm,
 The hours of anxious care beguile.

But youth, however virtuous found,
 Is not exempt from many a care,
 Temptations everywhere surround,
 And oft unseen is the fatal snare,
 Till he wakes, his future path to see
 O'erspread by remorse and misery.

Was Alfred tempted to depart,
 To shun the path where duty lay ?

His was a kind and social heart,
 And strongly bound by friendship's sway :
 One youth he lov'd above the rest,
 Companion of his earliest years,
 In whose long tried and faithful breast,
 Repos'd his wishes, cares, and fears :
 That friend was bound for a foreign shore,
 And dreaded much the long adieu,
 How ardently did he now implore
 That his friend might journey with him too.
 He offer'd pleasure, riches, ease,
 The world's allurements round him lay ;—
 Could he refuse ? did he not seize
 The offer of a life so gay ?

Alfred replied, ' I would not speak
 A word to wound thy friendly ear,
 Attend me to the spot I seek,
 And thou wilt read my answer there.'

His much lov'd mother sat serene,
 As one whose thoughts had rest in heaven,
 No trace of worldly care was seen,
 To heavenly love her soul was given ;
 As a bright light that Christian shone,
 Fair emblem of that perfect rest,
 Possess'd by those blest souls alone,
 Whose cares repose on Jesu's breast.

Still unperceiv'd the friends retir'd :
 As she mus'd upon the sacred word,
 Her thoughts, with heavenly love inspir'd,
 Had reach'd their ears ; her voice they heard,
 Implore in accents soft and mild,
 Heaven's blessings on her duteous child.

' Alfred,' his young companion cried,
 ' I've now thy answer ; never more
 I'll tempt thee from thy mother's side,
 To seek with me a foreign shore :
 May I, by thy example taught,
 Practice those virtues thou hast sought ;
 And when I tread a distant clime,
 I'll think of thy widowed mother's love,
 Of her prayers for thee, her looks sublime,
 As she humbly sought from God above,
 Heaven's blessings on her duteous boy,
 Her hope, her all of earthly joy ;
 No longer I ask thee to come with me,
 For thou hast gain'd the victory.'

LINES ON THE CROSS.

Stay traveller, oh ! stay,
As you pass on your road ;
What form is that bending
Beneath his dread load ?
Look sinner ! behold him,
That eye rais'd above !
It seems to speak volumes,
Of mercy and love.

It pleads with the father,
Lost souls to forgive ;
It says, ' I am dying,
That sinners might live : '
What form but the Saviour's
That load could sustain,
Bear the fierce wrath of heaven,
Man's peace to obtain ?

And canst thou unmov'd,
 See him sinking alone ;
 Sinking thus under sorrows,
 For sin not his own ?
 Thou can'st weep o'er a tale
 Of imagin'd distress,
 When eloquence decks it
 In fanciful dress.

And shall not that eye,
 With eloquence fraught,
 In prayer rais'd to heaven,
 Excite one sad thought ?
 Oh ! look once again,
 On the cross now erected,
 See heaven's gracious King
 By his people rejected !

And can'st thou behold him
 Sustaining the weight
 Of the cross, that heaven's glory
 Thy soul may await ?
 And yet can thy heart
 By repentance unbroken,
 Reject all the truths
 The Redeemer has spoken ?

Behold on his head
 A crown of thorns resting !

And see'st thou the glory
 Those temples investing ?
 Behold those pierc'd hands
 Which to heaven are spread,
 That pardon may rest
 On His murderer's head ?

Behold his torn feet !
 See the blood from his side !
 Can'st thou view yet unmov'd
 Thy God crucified ?
 Oh ! why shines the sun
 On a world so deprav'd ?
 Why gilds he a spot
 By Satan enslav'd ?

Why bloom yon sweet flow'rets
 In loveliness glowing ?
 Why thus their rich fragrance
 On sinners bestowing ?
 Oh ! why does yon rivulet
 Gently pursuing
 Its course, sweetly solace
 Man—man bent on ruin ?

The sun sheds his radiance
 With many a bright beam,
 And murmuring still
 Is the soft-flowing stream ;

Because the Creator
 In mercy delighting,
 By blessings like these
 Man's praise is exciting.

Even now do the flow'rets
 Their lively tints borrow
 From nature to gladden
 These dark scenes of sorrow ;
 Day's bright orb still shines,
 But a brighter sun yet—
 The fair sun of righteousness—
 Never will set.

That sun sheds his rays
 'Midst a world so deprav'd,
 O'er many a heart
 Once by Satan enslav'd ;
 'Midst darkness and sorrow,
 'Midst clouds of distress,
 That sun in his glory
 Has risen to bless.

And still o'er the cross
 Will his bright beams appear,
 While a penitent soul
 For mercy flies there
 Then weep not poor mourner,
 Though sorrow's full tide

Should seem to o'erwhelm thee,
Thy Saviour has died.

Thou can'st rest on the word
Which to thee he has given,
Thou can'st cling to the cross
As thy passport to heaven ;
For thee has Christ suffer'd,
The meek and the lowly,
That thou may'st enjoy
Endless bliss—endless glory !

THE ORPHAN BOY.

The day was wearing fast away, no moon nor stars
arose,

To guide the little orphan to a place of calm repose,
Yet still with slow and faltering step, he trod his
weary way,

And thought upon his lonely path with terror and
dismay.

The orphan William once had friends, and, innocent
and fair,

He flourish'd, like a lovely flower, beneath a parent's
care,

But sorrow, like a wint'ry wind, came sweeping o'er the
plain,

It crush'd the parent plant to earth, but let the bud
remain.

The mother murmur'd not, although she felt she soon
must die,

For faith was strong, and bright her views of immortality,
 And she had hopes, though sorrow's hand had mark'd
 the path she trod,
 The father of the fatherless would be her William's
 God,
 Then with her latest dying breath her orphan boy she
 bless'd,
 Resign'd him to her Saviour's care, and enter'd into
 rest.
 Then came the pious minister, who oft with words of
 love
 Had led the little William's thoughts to happier worlds
 above ;
 He spoke to him of brighter lands where happy spirits
 dwell,
 Where friends shall meet again in heaven, nor ever
 bid farewell ;
 He lov'd the little orphan boy, he press'd him to his
 heart,
 And felt from friends so dearly lov'd how bitter 'twas
 to part ;
 He strove to cheer the aching heart with words of ten-
 derness,
 And told him that the God of heaven was ever near
 to bless ;
 And while he spoke the list'ning boy would wipe away
 a tear,
 And sometimes would a ray of hope his sobbing bosom
 cheer :

‘Thy uncle now will do for thee what parents would
have done,

And thou must love him too, my child, and be to him
a son.’

He took him to his uncle’s home, that home to him so
dear,

No smile was seen to welcome him, no look of love was
there ;

And oft he saw the tender kiss on other lips impress’d,
And wept to think that he alone should never thus be
bless’d ;

He thought of all a father’s care, a tender mother’s
love,

And wept that he should be below, and they in heaven
above ;

And when at night he sadly sought his wonted place
of rest,

He almost thought he heard the words so oft to him
address’d,

When kneeling at his mother’s side he lisp’d his eve-
ning prayer,

When she would bid him sink to rest beneath a Saviour’s
care ;

He fancied he could feel her hand plac’d gently on his
head,

When she would stroke his curling hair and leave him
in his bed.

‘Now rest, my dear one, rest in peace, on Jesu’s care rely,
May he protect my darling boy and fit him for the sky.’

And when the morn's bright rays appear'd, they brought
no joy to him,

He has no mother now to hear him say his morning
hymn ;

And while the other children play'd in all their youth-
ful glee,

He stole away to mourn unseen his hapless destiny ;

And then 'twas notic'd that the boy would ever keep
aloof,

And what was deemed his sullenness would meet the
harsh reproof,

Till, wearied with such cruelty, he left his only home,

To lead a mean and vagrant life, in sin and vice to roam,

Indeed he cared not what the fate of other days may be,

He knew and felt his present state was one of misery ;

That day the summer's sun shone bright—the lambkins
play'd around,

And flow'rets, spread beneath his feet, of richest hues
were found ;

The birds sang gaily in the groves—their's seem'd the
notes of joy,

Yet vain those notes to glad the heart of that poor or-
phan boy ;

But as the day began to close, exhausted and forlorn

He lay upon his grassy couch, and wish'd that it were
morn.

At length a man in gipsy's garb approached the weep-
ing child,

And though his looks were coarse and rough, yet were
his accents mild :

He was a father, and he felt the little orphan's woes ;
He led him to the gipsy's tent, and sooth'd him to re-
pose.

'Twas there he learnt the paths of vice, the gayest of
the set,

The lessons of his earliest years, how soon did he forget.
His minister with fond concern had watch'd with pious
care

The growth of seeds in that young heart, he had im-
planted there ;

But had he look'd for blossoms there, where once they
promis'd fair,

His hopes had yielded to the sight of sad and deep
despair.

But years pass'd on, and William now a tall and hand-
some youth,

Rejected still the pleasant ways of virtue and of truth ;
He danc'd and sang in merry strains, uncheck'd his
wild career,

Nor would, if conscience spoke at all, afford a willing ear.
'Twas on a smiling summer's eve he wander'd o'er the
green,

When passing near a cottage door a lovely girl was
seen ;

The youth beheld her pleasing look, and drawing
quickly near—

‘ Shall I reveal to thee, fair girl, what may to me appear ?

‘ Believe me I am skill’d in arts but to the few reveal’d

‘ Who study deeply to acquire what is from most conceal’d ;

‘ Give me thy hand that I may read to thee thy future state—

‘ Yes, I can clearly trace those lines prophetic of thy fate.’

He told of future happiness—of many a joyous day,
Which she should spend in rank and wealth, in places
far away ;

Said there was one in foreign lands who soon would
seek her smile,

And bear her as a blooming bride to his far distant
isle.

Well pleased, she listen’d to his words, but how could
she repay

The youth who thus had shewn the joys which yet before
her lay ?

She cast her eyes around the room—a bible met her
view—

‘ Take this,’ she cried ‘ and go thy way, and may thy
words prove true.’

He smil’d at the deception he had practic’d to obtain
The book he meant to part with for a little worldly
gain ;

He knew not that to him the pearl of greatest price
was given,

Nor did he think he then possess'd the richest gift of
heaven.

But as he gaily wander'd on again it met his eye ;
Then visions of departed days rush'd on his mem'ry :
He thought of his beloved home—the morn and evening
hymn—

The daily intercourse with heaven—the mother's pray'r
for him !

And then did fond affection's tear, so long by vice
restrain'd,

Betray that in that wand'ring heart some buds of hope
remain'd.

' My mother, shall I yet despise the book which now I
hold ?

' More dear to me that sacred word than mines of rich-
est gold !

' How sweet the prayers, and may I hope they reach'd
the throne on high,

' That ' God would bless thy darling boy, and fit him
for the sky.' '

' But does not he who reigns above in spotless glory, shine

' Too pure to look upon a soul so dark and base as
mine ?

' And yet I've heard that Jesus left his radiant throne
on high,

' To seek the lost, and ransom them, and fit them for
the sky ;

' But I will read this sacred book, I'll bend my knees
in pray'r,

‘ Perhaps my God will deign to make a soul like mine
his care ;

‘ And I will bless the love which bore my mother’s
prayer on high,

‘ That ‘ God would bless her darling boy, and fit him
for the sky.’ ’

With open book he slowly trod his solitary road,
But with what alter’d feelings did he view his late
abode ?

The sounds of noisy revelry assail’d his listening
ear,

Which now attun’d to mercy’s voice, could find no
pleasure there :

He enter’d, but the coarsest jokes the wanton song
offends ;

With tears he look’d on those he once had thought his
dearest friends.

At length he begg’d them to desist—to hear his sim-
ple tale,

But when he sought to gain their ears, their noise
would yet prevail ;

Till shock’d with impious language, which he once un-
mov’d could hear,

He left the tent to pray that God in mercy would
appear.

And William learnt at length to trust his sinful soul to
one

Who came from heaven to seek and save the wretched
and undone ;

And much he wish'd to leave a set so harden'd in their
sin,

Yet linger'd still, in hopes that he might their atten-
tion win :

But fruitless prov'd poor William's task, he turn'd and
left the wood,

Pray'd for the inmates of the tent, and then his way
pursued.

And now the youth, from vice reclaim'd, approach'd the
lovely spot

Where he had seen the lovely girl, and hasten'd to the
cot ;

'Fair girl,' he cried, 'I'm now return'd, thy bible to
restore,

'By fraud and falsehood 'twas obtain'd, and now 'tis
mine no more ;

'And should another bring a tale, false as the one I told,

'Then may thy ear be deaf to him, no converse with
him hold :

'Oh ! learn from me one lesson yet, 'ere it may prove
too late,

'That God and God alone, can know what yet may be
thy fate.'

He plac'd the bible in her hand, and oft with tearful
look

He turn'd to take a ling'ring view of his beloved book !

He griev'd to think that sacred word no longer was his
own ;

‘But have I not a friend in heaven, to whom my wants
are known?’

And now he sought the minister, that pious aged
man,

Who in the path of holiness his heaven-ward journey
ran;

And to that faithful bosom, did the orphan boy confide
His sins, his fears, and then his hopes in Jesus
crucified!

The holy minister, with tears, bless’d and embrac’d the
youth,

And joy’d to think the words he heard wore such an
air of truth:

His was a heart that could rejoice at pleasure’s lively
glow,

And he could weep with those who wept, and soothe the
mourner’s woe!

‘Oh! say,’ the orphan boy exclaim’d, ‘my crimes can’t
thou forget?’

‘And I will be to thee a son, and thou shalt bless me
yet;

‘And let me be the solace of thy now declining years;

‘To soothe thy anxious cares to rest, and dry thy stream-
ing tears.’

The good old minister, o’ercome with gratitude and joy,
Ascribed the praise to heaven, and bless’d the long-lost
orphan boy!

SIN LEADS TO SORROW.

How truly 'tis seen
That sin leads to sorrow,
The transient delight
Which from pleasure we borrow,
Even while with fond hope
We are madly pursuing,
The phantom deceives us,
And leads on to ruin.

This world how inviting—
How fair to the sight
It seems—how enchanting!
Its beauties delight.
We watch the gay sun
In splendour declining;
And night's gentle queen
In her mild lustre shining.

We rove through the meads,
 Their rich verdure we view,
 See the arch spread above
 Of ethereal blue;
 We listen to hear
 Full many a glad lay,
 Caroll'd forth by the songsters,
 On bush or on spray.

And we muse with deep feeling
 On sin's cruel reign,
 And the sorrows that follow
 So thick in its train;
 And we grieve that frail man
 In Eden's bright home,
 Should have sunk 'neath its power,
 By Satan o'ercome.

Yet who that has read
 His own heart, shall declare
 That sin, his worst foe,
 Has not enter'd there?
 Oh! what has sin done!
 With its treacherous snare,
 Even Eden escap'd not—
 Its poison was there.

Like the flow'rets expos'd
 To the sun's scorching ray,

That fades ere 'tis noonday,
 Then withers away;
 So droops yon fair infant
 Its life just begun,
 It sickens, it dies,
 This, this has sin done.

Behold that long train
 In its sable array,
 Alas! 'tis a father
 They're bearing away!
 His widow, his friends,
 And his now bereav'd son,
 Are bitterly weeping,
 And this has sin done!

In ages long past
 Did the God of creation,
 From a world sunk in sin,
 Take a people—a nation!
 And mighty and great
 Did that people arise,
 As the sands of the sea,
 As the stars in the skies.

And led by the hand
 Of the great God of heaven,
 They enter'd that land

Which by promise was given.
 'Twas a land set apart
 From the nations around ;
 With the favour of God
 'Twas abundantly crown'd.

'Twas a nation belov'd,
 The fair type of heaven,
 Which to penitent mourners
 By promise is given ;
 Their hills and green valleys,
 Their herds and their flocks,
 Their temples, their treasure,
 Description but mocks !

That people beloved,
 That once happy race,
 The glory of nations,
 Where now is their place ?
 Oh, what hath sin done !
 To these scatter'd ones turn,
 And in their lost tribes
 Heaven's judgment discern.

Behold them, and trace,
 'Midst derision and scorn,
 The remains of their nation
 Divided, forlorn !
 Sure never did judgment

So fiercely descend :
 Still, still does contempt
 Their descendants attend.

Oh, land of iniquity !
 Who shall enquire
 Why then should thy glory
 Be doom'd to expire ?
 Why yet should thy harps
 On the willows be hung—
 Why thus they remain
 Through ages unstrung ?

Who now shall enquire,
 Why Zion's soft strains
 No more shall be heard
 Through the valleys and plains ?
 Why Judah's fair daughters
 No more shall be known,
 With the timbrel and harp,
 In that land once their own ?

On Calvary's mount,
 In Gethsemane's gloom,
 In the dread judgment hall,
 Or in Joseph's new tomb ;
 In the agonized look
 Which the sufferings betray'd
 Of their crucified King,
 Is the reason display'd.

Yet where is the heart
 That mercy has known,
 That sighs not for those
 Who the Saviour disown?
 That longs not to bear
 To Judah's sad race
 The gospel's glad tidings
 Of pardoning grace?

Oh! yes, there are souls
 Who delight to reveal
 Those blessings still flowing,
 The wounded to heal;
 The plan of redemption
 With joy to unfold,
 That the outcasts of nations
 Heaven's grace may behold.

E'en now may they say
 To the nations untaught,
 To the scatter'd of Israel—
 'What hath God wrought?'
 Salvation! Redemption!
 To sinners undone—
 The work is completed,
 The victory is won!

Go on then, nor weary,
 Still think with delight

Of the joy in reserve
 Which shall break on your sight,
 When that day shall arise,
 That great day of account,
 When your God and their's
 Shall your labours recount.

When he owns his reclaim'd ones,
 By Jesus forgiven—
 Sees you as the means
 Which has led them to heaven :
 When you hear the glad sound
 That proclaims your reward—
 'Now enter, ye faithful,
 The joy of your Lord.'

WILHELMINE.

Hail ! heavenly love, divinely blest !
Hail ! glorious source of endless rest !
Heaven's brightest attribute, whose rays
Gild with their all-resplendent blaze
Th' ethereal plains, where angels sing
The honours of the eternal King,
In strains all holy, all divine,
In strains no mortal tongue can join ;
Yet who shall say that mortal tongue
Knows not to join that holy song ?
Redeeming grace ! redeeming love ! -
Proclaim'd throughout the realms above,
Descends from heaven, on angel's wing,
That man redeeming love might sing !
Redeeming love ! the theme how great,
Its depths what thought can penetrate
Redeeming love ! its heights to explore,
The brightest angel may not soar :

And yet the great Redeemer see,
 Clad in such sweet simplicity,
 That e'en a child may lisp his praise,
 And triumph in redeeming grace.

So thought the little Wilhelmine;
 To her young mind her God was seen,
 As a kind father bending low,
 To hear her prayerful accents flow;
 In faith she sought his willing ear,
 And told him all her tale of care.

Thrice happy youth, in whom we trace
 The blessings of redeeming grace!
 In vain shall angry tempests rage,
 And storms assail their tender age:
 Their hopes yield not to smile or frown,
 No flames can quell, nor floods can drown;
 Hope looks to heaven with eye serene,
 Such was the faith of Wilhelmine.

When Hamburg's ancient city lay
 To all-consuming flames a prey,
 How dread to hear the piercing cries!
 Street after street in ruin lies,
 While many a houseless mourner view'd
 The flames rage on yet unsubdued:
 How sad to see the look of care,
 The look of hopeless, mute despair,

When sinking from fatigue, dismay'd,
The firemen ceas'd their useless aid.

But one lov'd spot amidst the scene
Claim'd the regard of Wilhelmine ;
Well may she love the sacred place
Where first she heard of Jesu's grace ;
Where to her tender mind was given,
To love and serve the God of heaven.

The school, that so much interest claims,
Stood yet unhurt amidst the flames ;
The mother saw her darling gaze
With eager eye upon the place.

'Thy school, my Wilhelmine, must yield,
'From flames like these what power can shield ?
'Those raging flames all aid defy,
'Soon must that house in ruin lie.'

'No mother, no ! for twice I've pray'd
'That God, our God, will lend his aid !
'Again I'll pray, nor will I fear
'That God will now refuse my prayer.'

Hail ! blessed faith, divinely given
To cheer us in our path to heaven !
Well may we prize thy heavenly rays,
Which shine through sorrow's gloomiest days ;

Could human eye the scene behold,
 And view the faithful train of old,
 See Abraham's darling son resign'd,
 See Daniel to his den consigned,
 Elijah check the falling rain,
 And showers again by faith obtain ;
 See Simeon clasping to his breast,
 His infant Lord supremely blest :
 See Stephen with his angel face,
 Bright trophy of redeeming grace,
 Amaz'd should we the scene review,
 And cry, " behold what faith can do."

Yet we may bless the God of heaven,
 That such like precious faith is given,
 Even in our days to lead us on,
 To that bright world whence they are gone,
 The prayer of faith will yet prevail,
 Though sword or floods, or flames assail,
 Though dark the clouds, though dread the scene :
 Thus thought the little Wilhelmine.

She knew that God alone could stay
 The flames which spread so fearfully,
 And he who stills the angry wave,
 Was there to hear, was there to save ;
 A mighty wind at his command
 Blew towards the Alster from the land,

The winds and flames their ruler know,
 So far, no further dare they go ;
 In that school garden, so endear'd
 To Wilhelmine, at length appear'd
 The last hot stone ; the fire was stay'd
 By him whom winds and flames obey'd,
 Who heard 'midst that appalling scene,
 The prayer of faith, of Wilhelmine.

THE BEREAVED MOTHER.

The maiden owned a heart serene,
And pleasure glanc'd from her sparkling eye,
The bloom of youth on her cheek was seen,
In her step was joyous gaiety ;
The spring of life to her young eye,
Seem'd but the dawn of a brighter day,
For hope and joy their enchantments try
To allure the youthful steps astray.

A message came and it reach'd her heart,
It came from the God of grace and truth,
It bade her from every sin depart,
And remember her God in the days of youth ;
"Give me thy heart," her heart was given,
Obedient to the heavenly call,
She sought and found the God of heaven,
Her strength, her righteousness, her all,

She lov'd her God, and she lov'd as one,
 Who saw through Christ, her sins forgiven,
 And hop'd her pilgrimage begun
 On earth, would end in the joys of heaven ;
 How dear to her was the sacred place,
 Where many a heart with fervour glow'd,
 Where tidings of redeeming grace,
 In streams of living water flow'd.

But years roll'd on, behold her now,
 The spring of life seems scarcely o'er,
 No cloud of grief rests on her brow,
 And bright her eye as heretofore ;
 Yet somewhat chang'd is life's gay scene,
 Her joys are found in her own abode,
 On her hand love's golden tie is seen,
 By her heart's best, dearest choice bestow'd.

Her babes, so oft to her bosom press'd,
 Like olive branches around her spread,
 And she hopes they will rise to call her blest,
 And crown with joy her hoary head ;
 But where is the heart so freely given,
 In life's young day to the God of grace,
 When she look'd with faith and hope to heaven,
 As her future home, her resting place ?
 Now when the house of God she seeks,
 Where is her heart ? far far away,
 The wandering eye the truth bespeaks,

She is weary of God's most holy day ;
 How chang'd to her that sacred place
 Where once her heart with fervour glow'd,
 Where tidings of redeeming grace,
 In streams of living water flow'd :
 Oh ! could we read her inmost mind,
 Each deep recess we there should see,
 Her partner and her babes enshrined,
 Objects of her idolatry.

In vain are now the threatenings given
 To check the wanderer's sad career ;
 And vain alike the voice from heaven
 In gentlest accents meets her ear :
 A few more years—behold her now !
 Again how chang'd the scene appears !
 A look of sorrow sits on her brow,
 Her eye is dimm'd with bitterest tears.

Behold the wreck of her happiness !
 Behold the mother's streaming eye !
 Her widow's cap, and her sable dress,
 Bespeak the extreme of misery :
 Where now is that dearest, fondest tie,
 That fix'd to earth her every thought ?
 Where now are her blooming family,
 Where may those infant forms be sought ?
 They're not in the weeping mother's room,

Nor are they clasp'd to the father's breast ;
 They are all, save one, in the silent tomb,
 Laid in their lone and quiet rest !

One lovely boy to her yet was left,
 One earthly idol yet remain'd ;
 And did she not, if so much bereft,
 Seek by her God to be sustain'd ?

One day, in agonizing thought,
 She sat the image of despair ;
 Nor had she a ray of comfort sought
 From Him who waits to answer prayer.

A friend with anxious tenderness,
 With many a precious promise sought
 To lead her thoughts to the God of grace,
 And trust that love which changes not.
 'Behold !' he cried, 'His mercy still
 'Has left one lov'd, one darling boy
 'Thy future wishes to fulfil,
 'Thy present hope, thy present joy !'

That child behind his mother's chair
 Had climb'd, in playfulness, to seek
 A fond embrace ; nor knew 'twas care
 Had blanch'd his mother's pallid cheek.

'Yes, one,' she cried, 'He's left, 'tis true,
 'Of the many I have lov'd He's all the rest ;

‘He may as well have taken him too.’

She spoke by the bitterest grief oppress’d !
 She arose, the chair gave way, the boy
 Fell from the height he’d proudly gain’d,
 And the mother beheld her last sole joy
 A lifeless corpse, by her friend sustain’d !

She gaz’d on that form, in death so fair,
 She saw her child in his last long sleep,
 But no soothing tear alas ! was there,
 ’Twould have been a luxury to weep.

‘My child, my boy, Oh ! could I give
 ‘ Worlds to recall thee back again
 ‘ From this deep sleep, to see thee live
 ‘ But one short hour—the wish how vain !
 ‘ Could’st thou but clasp my neck once more,
 ‘ Once more receive my fond embrace !
 ‘ Oh ! could returning life restore
 ‘ One smile upon thy dimpled face ;
 ‘ Then would thy mother cease to grieve :
 ‘ But no ! that blessing is not for me :
 ‘ Yet may I not this hope receive—
 ‘ That pardoning grace may reach e’en me ?
 ‘ I’ll look to heaven, till peace and joy
 ‘ At length shall soothe this troubled breast ;
 ‘ Till praise shall all my powers employ,
 ‘ And my heart acknowledge thy ways are best.’

Nor in vain did that last o'erwhelming stroke
 Descend on her heart, with its weight of grief;
 For he that wounded, in mercy spoke,
 And brought at length the kind relief.
 And then the mother, submissive, mild,
 Heaven's pardoning grace with fervour sought;
 'My father, I now resign my child,
 'My heart by these proofs of mercy taught,
 'How keen soever the stroke may fall,
 'Shall no longer rebel at thy wise design,
 'Since thou wilt my early vows recall,
 'Thou shalt have my heart—behold, 'tis thine.'

And though no offspring around her arose
 To crown with joy her hoary head,
 Yet sweet to her was the calm repose,
 That o'er her widow'd path was shed:
 She meekly waited life's closing scene,
 The entrance to a world of light;
 For her heart had long with the Saviour been,
 Ere that bright world broke on her sight:
 Yes, long by the arm of God sustain'd,
 By faith her heavenward path she trod;
 That once rebellious heart remain'd
 Through life devoted to her God:
 He claim'd her heart, and her heart was given
 Without reserve, to the God of heaven.

ON EARTHLY JOYS.

Is there no spot on earthly ground
Where perfect joy and peace abound?
Where the gentle dove may love to stay,
No storms disturb the cloudless day?
When the fields shall wear unfading green,
Nor falling leaves around be seen?
Where no sigh shall be heard, nor fall a tear;
No pretended friend gain entrance there?

A resting place shall not be found,
Where joy is lasting, on earthly ground;
For the dove her silver wings shall plume,
And fly from scenes of care and gloom:
Nor is there a spot of unfading green,
Where fallen leaves shall no more be seen;
Where no sigh shall be heard, nor fall a tear,
Nor pretended friend gain entrance there.

But happiest they whose thoughts can rise,
 And trace bright scenes beyond the skies,
 And know themselves but travellers here,
 Through a world of changing grief and care ;
 Who can look unmoved on the busy throng
 Of crowded cities, where of the tongue
 Of the false deceiver, for some base end,
 Lures on his too confiding friend,
 Till having betray'd, his fall can see,
 And leave him to ruin and misery !
 There is a land, but 'tis not here—
 Far, far above, lies that brighter sphere,
 Where no earthly foot shall dare to tread,
 Where beams of glory around are spread :
 Nor has it been given to mortal hand
 To unclothe the entrance to that blest land ;
 And still unseen to mortal eye,
 Are those scenes of glory beyond the sky,
 But the eye of faith that land descries,
 As the home where the Christian's treasure lies,
 Nor is there a spot on earth so drear,
 That the eye of faith can fail to cheer ;
 That eye can pierce through the deepest sorrow,
 And hail the dawn of a bright to morrow.

The mother who mourns her infant son,
 Her last born lovely cherish'd one,
 From the darksome tomb may raise her eyes,

And view her fair one in the skies ;
 And the sight shall check the streaming tear,
 For her cherub boy is in glory there.
 Even those who have watch'd the last calm sleep,
 Of their widow'd mother, so still, so deep,
 Have felt though death at present sever,
 Have felt that parting was not for ever ;
 They knew her heaven-born soul could rest
 In its home, the mansions of the blest.

Did that happy spirit its flight delay,
 And pause ere yet it soar'd away,
 To soothe those hearts with sorrow breaking,
 To shew them their mother in glory waking,
 To lead their thoughts to that brighter sphere,
 And behold their angel mother there ?

Then say not on earth may not be found,
 A spot where perfect joys abound,
 For he who well his course has run,
 Assur'd the victory will be won,
 Ere yet the silver cord be broken,
 Ere yet the wish'd for word be spoken,
 That bids the longing soul arise,
 And claim a mansion in the skies,
 That soul shall receive the joys which flow
 From a life of glory begun below.







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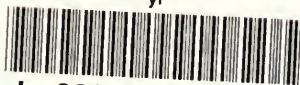


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